VOL. CCXII, No. 2769

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THE SPHERE, MARCH 7, 1953
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The SPHERE

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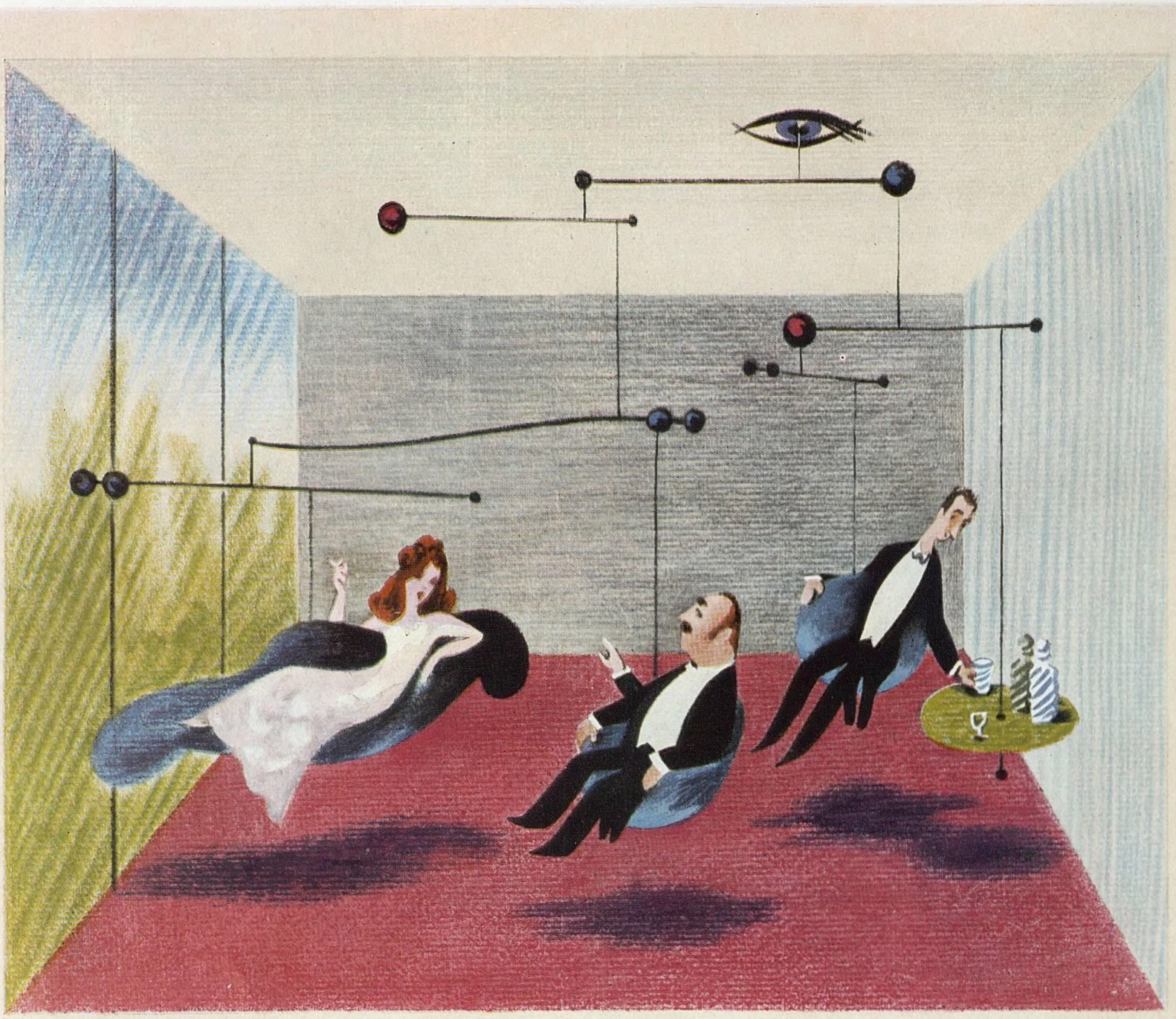

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1. CONVERSATION PIECE

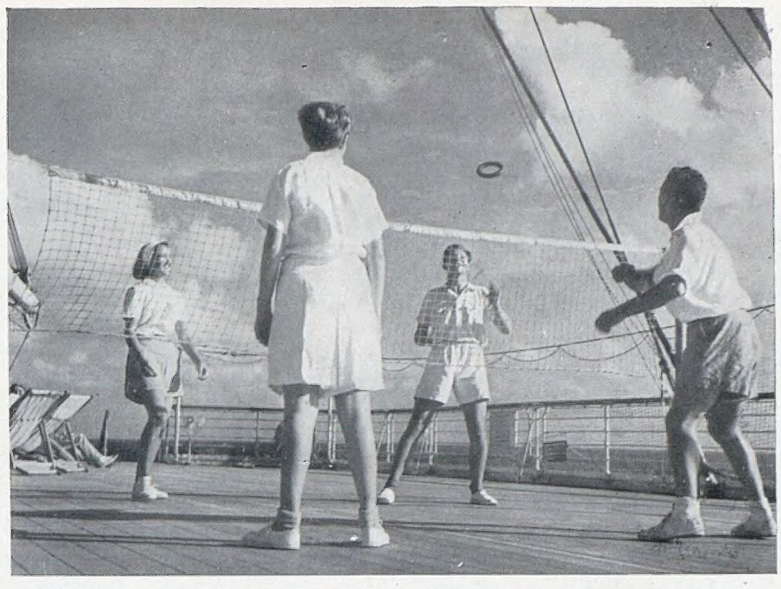
This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

Professor Schweppaiev tells us that in a few years furniture will be done away with altogether, and, trained in the exercises of the New Schwyogi, adaptable Schweppsians will achieve the supra-furniture state and be their own tables, footrests, pianos, or, as here, rocking chairs.

Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Let yourself go—



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March

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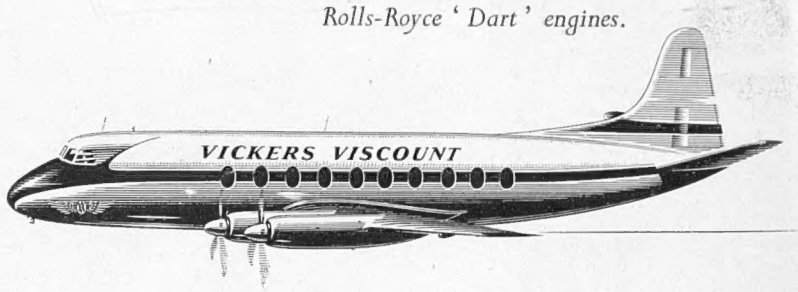

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Volume CCXII No. 2769 The SPHERE, London, March 7, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

MAKING A NEW MAGOG FOR THE CITY OF LONDON—MR. DAVID EVANS, THE SCULPTOR, AT WORK ON THE GIANT FIGURE IN LIMEWOOD, AND USING A SMALL PLASTER FIGURE AS GUIDE, AT HIS STUDIO IN WELWYN GARDEN CITY: He is making the 9 ft. 3 ins. figures of Gog and Magog to replace the figures of the legendary giants which were destroyed when the Guildhall was bombed during the Second World War. The new figures will be a gift to the City of London by Sir George Wilkinson, who was Lord Mayor when the originals were destroyed.

Gog and Magog were prominent figures in Biblical literature, but they go back also to the days of Herodotus and to the heyday of the Assyrian Empire. No one, indeed, knows how the legend of the giants grew up, but since 1708 when Richard Saunders carved his two giant figures which were later put on octagonal pedestals at the west end of the Guildhall, in the City of London, they have played a prominent part in civic life. Wickerwork and pasteboard copies of Gog and Magog were at one time carried in the Lord Mayor's procession, and according to monastic medieval chronicles they were the giants who fought off the Trojan invasion against the early inhabitants of Britain. The destruction of the Gog and Magog figures during the Second World War was a great blow to the City of London, and their replacement now with two figures by David Evans will be greatly welcomed. It is hoped that the new Gog and Magog will be ready for the Coronation celebrations.

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

WHEN ABYSSINIAN FORCES TOOK PART IN THE WAR AGAINST THE "MAD MULLAH" OF SOMALILAND: This drawing by M. Bombled shows Ras Makonnen at the head of the Emperor of Abyssinia's army, which was advancing from Harar against the forces of the Mullah. From 1901 a spate of trouble was caused by the Mad Mullah, who fought the British so persistently that in 1910, seven years after this drawing appeared in THE SPHERE, they were obliged to withdraw from the interior. It was not until 1920, after opposing the British, Abyssinians and the Italians, that the fanatical leader was finally overcome.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW MANCHESTER LOOKS TO-DAY

By PATRICK MONKHOUSE

With drawings by Claude Muncaster

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Federation of Rhodesias and Nyasaland.—For some time past I have wanted time to acquire a simple background to the Federation scheme which, as a *scheme,* is now ancient history. What can I claim vaguely to know as useful facts? First, I suppose that Southern Rhodesia already possesses two things which the other two have not—responsible government under its constitution and important secondary industries. Northern Rhodesia relies very largely (that is, is dependent) on her copper industry, while Nyasaland, an agricultural community, depends on primary products of her soil such as cotton, tea and tobacco, and has not the means to develop them or herself unaided. But all three are interdependent and complementary in their economies. Many plans for economic association have been considered, and rejected, to secure closer consultation. The logic of economic facts has convinced a majority of outside experts who comprehend or have studied the problems, political and economic, that nothing but a true federation can command the authority or the credit required to develop the untapped resources on a scale larger than a local. For under any authority lower and less established, local considerations would for ever whittle down large-scale and all-embracing schemes which could succeed only if they could attract powerful investors through the confidence which an established authority representing the three territories could command. The Federal scheme or plan therefore embraces a strong central authority having powers to co-ordinate the economic life of the whole territory. Only the Federal Legislature would have power to make laws. The territorial Governments would remain responsible for their obligations to their peoples in such matters as political advancement and questions of land tenure and so forth. Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland have not yet constitutions giving responsible government. They are and would remain under the special protection of the Crown, dealing with many vital matters under their own separate administrations. The point, then, of Federation is to secure for all a central authority capable of planning on a total scale, having the means and vision for such planning and commanding the confidence to invite investment in the Territory's vast untapped resources from the outside world on the largest scale. It sounds good sense. But it is only a simplification of one side of an argument. The scheme is bitterly opposed and not only by the native elements in the territories. If patriotism is rightly held and hailed as flowing from the source of the village pump, here it seems "patriotism is not enough." Certainly in these last years we have come to feel that whatever nationalism may be, it is not simply patriotism. It is something smaller and less noble.

King Baudouin.—For my part I feel pity for poor King Baudouin and I fancy a good many of his countrymen do so too. He has obviously so far had a very unhappy reign; he looks unhappy, reluctant, ill-at-ease, and with some excuse, for he has suffered from many handicaps beyond his control. Neither his father nor himself had been equipped by nature to stand up in comparison with his greatly admired grandfather, King Albert. Leopold, if a stronger character than his son, justly or unjustly suffered humiliating comparison with King Albert in their actions during the two World Wars, and both have sometimes been made pawns in the game of domestic party politics and race-rivalries. King Baudouin's health was never robust, and he has never succeeded in looking "every inch a king." The make-up essential to a modern democratic sovereign totally rules out shyness, and demands, first and foremost, a bright and constant smile, the ability to share a simple joke, a ready expression of sympathy, a great deal of robustness both physical and mental. It is not King Baudouin's fault if nature did not make him every inch a king, but there are certain handicaps which dog him with which he could and would be wise to dispense for a time. He should not (and need not) give the appearance of living under the shadow and influence of his father and step-mother. As King *de facto* no less than *de jure,* he would gain in authority among his own people if he did not figure so often in family groups as an inconspicuous cadet in the rear rank, with the spotlight fixed on Leopold and the Princess as the dominant partners. It may be most unjust that the Princess is unpopular, because her predecessor was so much beloved, and unjust that there still clings to Leopold some of the exaggerated criticism and prejudice of wartime fever. But King Baudouin has his own way to make, and kings must cut out contacts which do not enhance their reputations and popularity. I fancy his Court might benefit a good deal from a study of the relations between the British Court and Press. A really expert Court Press-Secretary is a key-man in a modern democratic monarchy.

A Crisis in Coal.—There *is* a crisis. At least in the South of England where we are faced with one more enormous rise in the price per ton of coal—and such coal! No doubt in the South we are less conversant with the still current "grievances" of the miners in the Midlands, North and West. We know that their conditions have been greatly bettered in the past years, and we know that the quality of the coal they send us, so far from improving, has continued to decline. We know also that, despite an increase in men employed in the pits, output of late has declined sharply. We in the South are not so cocksure as to dismiss the grievances of miners in the main mining areas as moonshine. We can only say that if they exist, it is not due to any failure on our part to contribute to the well-being of the miners. With "medium" coal at £6 a ton, we have been paying for *burnable* coal at about twice that rate for a long time. Their grievances, then, may be due to faults of management. Six years under nationalisation may be too short a time for putting the industry to rights. But for us and our grievances six years have been long enough to prove the case that those grievances are soundly based and have brought us to a crisis. Many of us will pay no more, and many of us are resolved to refuse this latest impost. We are going back to wood. It is only a gesture. It won't keep us warm, it won't produce headaches in high places. The few sacks of rubbish which we refuse to buy at £6 a ton or more will no doubt increase by a trickle the little trickle available for export. There will be no headaches at high level, but then Governments of whatever political colour do not suffer from headaches through any grievances of the common man and his housewife. They are mere beasts of burden and milch cows and will carry any weight and stand any amount of milking. And they are not even considerable as voters, since Socialists and Tories, when in power, treat them equally with total contempt, and accordingly, for whichever side we vote, our hope of betterment is nil. It is hardly worth while to record a vote on a cost-of-living issue.

A POLAR BEAR CUB AT THE ZOO IN STOCKHOLM

ISABELLA, A POLAR BEAR AT THE ZOO IN STOCKHOLM, INTRODUCES HER TINY CUB TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: The cub, a male, takes a cautious peep at his snowy surroundings from the warm protection of his mother's thick fur. In the wild the Polar bear often has two cubs at a birth. Fully-grown, these animals may weigh as much as 1,600 lb.

Lords Reform.—Pressure of business makes it unlikely that the Government this year, or next, can consider any unilateral effort to implement the pledge to tackle House of Lords reform. The first move was duly made, the obviously right course was to resume discussions with the Opposition at the point where they had broken down, when near agreement. But Mr. Attlee declined the invitation, and it is not known yet whether he was overborne by a majority

himself was inclined to let the subject drop and rot again. In any case, acceptance of the invitation by the Socialists would certainly have been conditional on removal from the agenda of any form of discussion on revision of the powers of the Second Chamber. This suggests that "near agreement" on this vital question was (or has become) a misnomer. The Opposition prefer to have the Upper House as it is; they are resolved to prevent any restoration of its former powers and are quite satisfied to keep it, antiquated and uneconomic as it is, as a handy weapon with which, when it seems suitable or apt, to flog "Privilege," the Tories or any other enemy of social democracy. And so it will no doubt go on, for some time to come, constantly recruited as requisite with hereditary titles, to keep it up to a strength eight times more than is needed for its actual business; a pattern to the Commons of how Parliamentary proceedings should be conducted in wisdom, dignity, good manners, relevance and despatch; the very prototype of British genius for evolving something workable out of antiquated machinery, of making a new silk purse out of an old sow's ear. But if the Tories decide to let the matter rest during the life of this Parliament, I think they will be taking very grave risks by their default with our constitutional safeguards.

10,000 Deserters.—It must have come as a surprise to many to learn that to-day there are still untraced well over 10,000 deserters from the Services, and that this figure was some time ago regarded as unlikely to be reduced except by "natural causes." In a word, seven years after the end of the Second World War the Government had to confess that all efforts to trace this lost army (17,000 in 1945) have been practically futile, since "natural causes" have clearly accounted for much of the decline, apart from 2,500-odd who took a chance on Mr. Alexander's offer in January 1947, and surrendered. *Pour encourager les autres*, the Government has now announced its intention to reduce this little adverse balance by means of a Coronation amnesty for all concerned in wartime desertion. What a fascinating book could be written of the lives and escapes and struggles of this lost legion since 1940; anonymous, in hidey-holes, without ration-books, disguised, night-prowlers, a vast escaping club, with a higher percentage of successes than from any German prison. The bulk of them to-day have got out of the country, or are absorbed into civilian life at home under assumed names; and Mr. Head, at any rate, has no evidence that the present crime-wave has risen any higher as a result of their struggles to exist anonymously. Yet a struggle it must have been, grim, boring often, and not very dignified. Of those 10,000, how many, looking back, would confess that life in the Army might, after all, have been preferable? That I don't know; but the successful evasion of Army duties by so large a body, for so many years, does suggest that the rose-coloured recruiting posters of the colour, romance and charm of life in the Army were pitched too high for quite a few "suckers," and that the promised dividends held out in the prospectus were not forthcoming. The amnesty, if they take advantage of it (and I doubt if all will do so), will cover wartime desertion and certain minor civilian offences arising out of it, but not any of the graver crimes to which some of them may have been induced. Serving soldiers are warned not to treat this Coronation amnesty "as a precedent." Yet the years 1887 and 1922 provided precedents, and this act of clemency is certain to raise the grievances and murmurs of the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. For even to-day it is a graver offence to desert in wartime than in "peacetime," and the peacetime deserters are not included. And probably tax-dodgers and others of their kind will ask for similar Coronation clemency.

"The Trees for the Wood."—In London parks in March the citizens normally enjoy the glories of early spring bulbs, and as they walk down Piccadilly or along other parkside streets they can (in normal times) note with pleasure and hope that a faint greenery is showing on some of the trees. This Coronation Year many of these simple pleasures are denied them. For they "can't see the trees for the wood" of the stands, and inevitably some of the crocus patches have been slaughtered and built over. Nothing has brought it home to me more forcibly how long, how immense, how all-embracing is the national effort to prepare the capital for this periodic, most popular, solemn, unique ceremony which for most of the purposes of the erection has a butterfly life of a few hours of one summer day. It is more than four months since the saws and hammers began to ply and they will continue to ply for another four months. The great day falls in a month usually reckoned hopeful for good weather. The chosen day has a statistically good record. Yet what a gamble it is! Persistent rain, a summer fog, a sharp thunderstorm, all are possibles on Coronation Day, and most of them have marred earlier Coronations once at least. I can think of no other one-day event which gambles such an enormous sum in time, labour and money as our Coronations, nor any which makes that gamble so inevitable and with so much popular support. For not only do the public of London get more pleasure from viewing the bare, blank woodwork than from the crocuses and the new greenery, but visitors are confidently expected to come to London from now on for the simple pleasure of seeing the stands; in short, of not seeing the trees for the wood. All things considered, our faith *must* be rewarded with a fine day on Coronation Day. Faith is the substance of things hoped for and in this case the evidence of things (normally delightful) not seen. The Old Stager

RESTORING THE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL GLORIES OF THE CITY OF CAMBRIDGE

A VIEW OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY "OLD COURT" OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ONE OF THE MANY UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS WHICH HAVE RECENTLY BEEN RENOVATED: The low-pitched chambers are typical dwellings of the time of Edward III and the court itself still looks much as it did in the days of Elizabeth I. Corpus Christi College was founded in 1352 by the two town guilds of Corpus Christi and of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For the past twelve months Cambridge has been undergoing an extensive programme of restoration to some of its ancient colleges and public buildings.

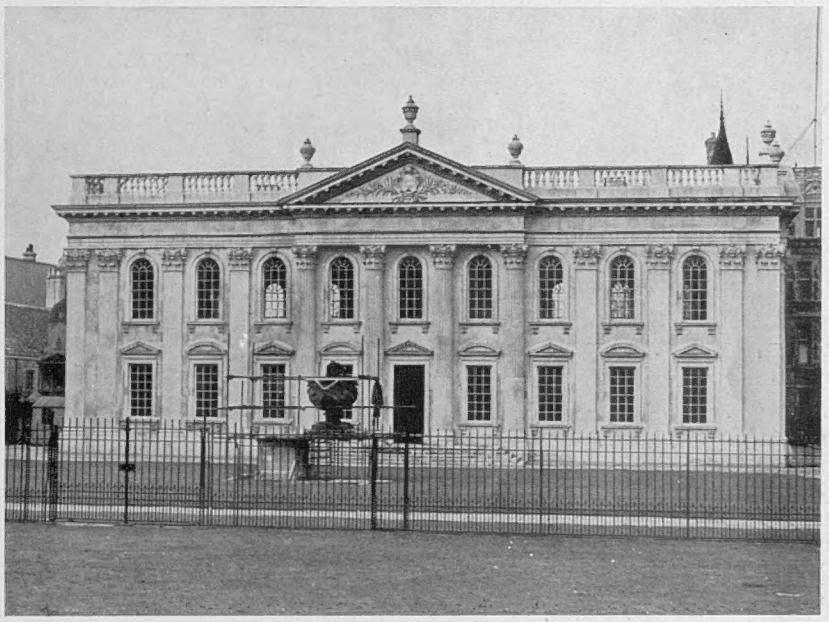
The main task has been the work on the famous Corpus Christi College, where much of the stonework is being replaced and a great deal of surface cleaning is being done.

Many of the local craftsmen engaged on the task have spent most of their lives preserving the lovely buildings of the city, and they are now hard at work to finish the restoration so that Cambridge will look its best for the Coronation, when many visitors can be expected.

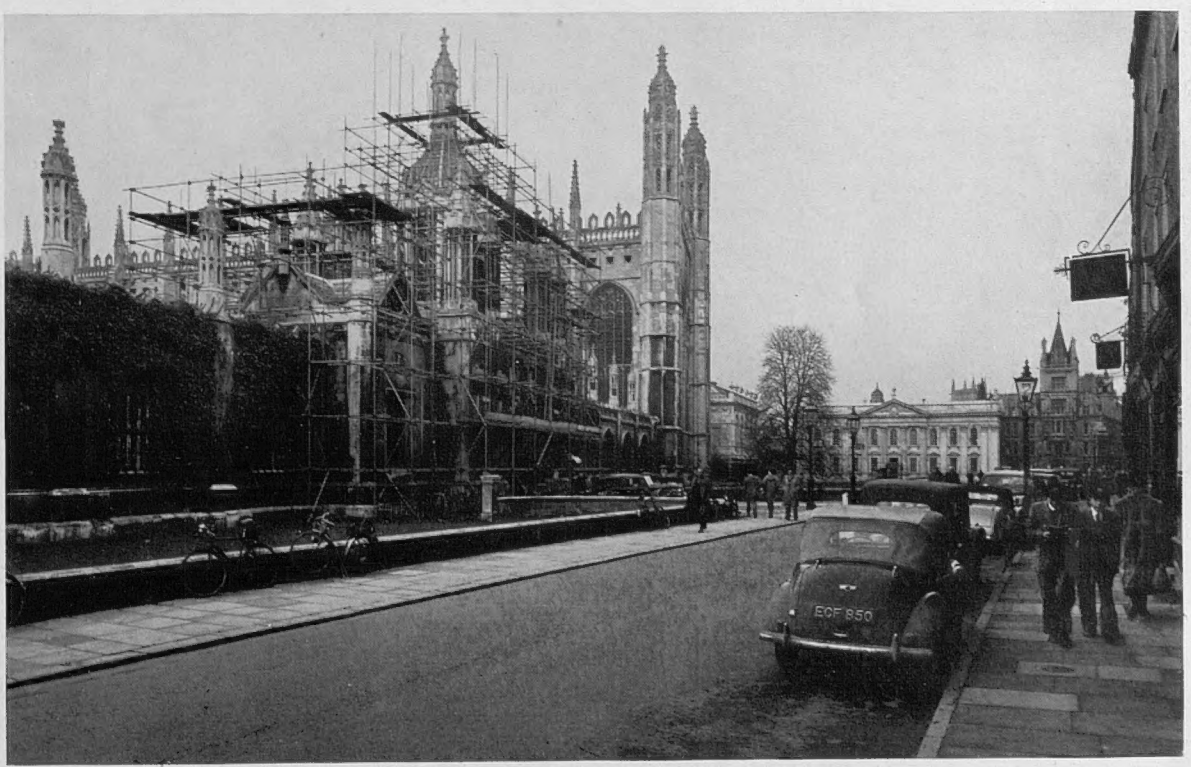
Exactly when Cambridge University came into being is not known, but early in the thirteenth century there was evidence of a student body there. Certainly by 1231 this body was sufficiently important to cause Henry III to issue injunctions relating to student life.

At the time of the founding of the University Cambridge was not one of the great medieval towns, but it was a trading centre of some importance. From the fourteenth century onwards the history of Cambridge was really the history of its colleges.

As a result of a petition by the Cambridge Council the late King George VI conferred upon it in 1951 the dignity and title of City.

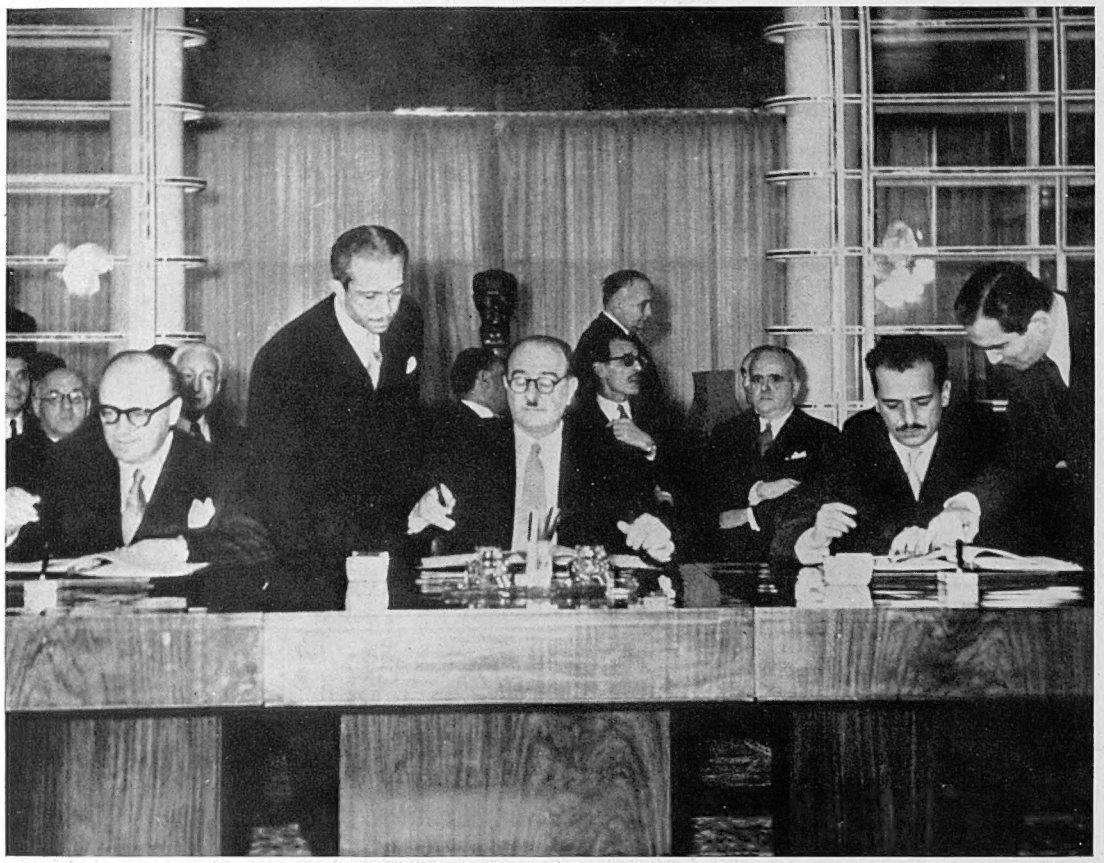


THE SENATE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, WHERE THE GRADUATION CEREMONIES AND OTHER PUBLIC UNIVERSITY FUNCTIONS ARE HELD: The Senate House was built by James Gibbs in 1722-30, and contains some fine wood and plaster-work. The cleaning of the façade has now been completed, but the Northumberland Vase seen in the middle of the forecourt is still undergoing renovation.



A VIEW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, IN ITS MANTLE OF SCAFFOLDING: The College is undergoing extensive repairs to the stonework, particularly at the front and on the battlements. In the background on the left is King's College Chapel, regarded as the finest example of Perpendicular architecture in England. Apart from the chapel, the actual buildings of King's College are comparatively modern, dating from the nineteenth century

THE NEW BALKAN PACT IS SIGNED IN ANKARA



SIGNING THE TRIPARTITE TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TURKEY, GREECE AND YUGOSLAVIA: The Foreign Ministers of Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, Stephan Stephanopoulos, Fuad Köprülü and Koka Popovic, are seen together at Ankara as they signed the historic documents, prepared after a year's talks.

In a treaty in no way trespassing upon the commitments of Greece and Turkey as members of the Atlantic alliance, those two nations have joined forces with Yugoslavia, and the treaty just signed at Ankara is the outcome of nearly a year of profitable negotiation. The treaty itself does not go beyond the usual formula for such diplomatic exchanges, but its true importance lies in the fact that parallel with it, military conversations have been proceeding between the three signatories for their co-operation in the event of common danger. Although Yugoslavia is not a member of N.A.T.O., these discussions have been carried on with the knowledge and tacit approval of that organisation, and therefore the defence of the Balkans is placed, although unofficially, under the ægis of N.A.T.O. The treaty is the first attempt to revive, after an interruption of nearly fifteen years, the efforts made by the various Balkan countries to form a union for the defence of their independence. Before the war the Balkan entente was formed by Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, but from its inception it met with the open hostility of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. Mussolini and Hitler would have none of it, and it duly disappeared in the turmoil of war.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

News in Pictures from Many Quarters

A PARTY IN BELGRADE

MARSHAL TITO AND A GUEST OF HONOUR: The Yugo lav leade who is seen smoking a cigarette in a pipe-holde seen wit Mr. Sam Watson, representing the Labour Party in Britain at a reception held at the White Palace, Belgrad , followin the Fourth Congress of the People's Front of Yugoslavia Marshal Tito is to make his State visit to London his month when he will be the guest of the British overnmen

VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY'S SON WEDS IN GLASGOW

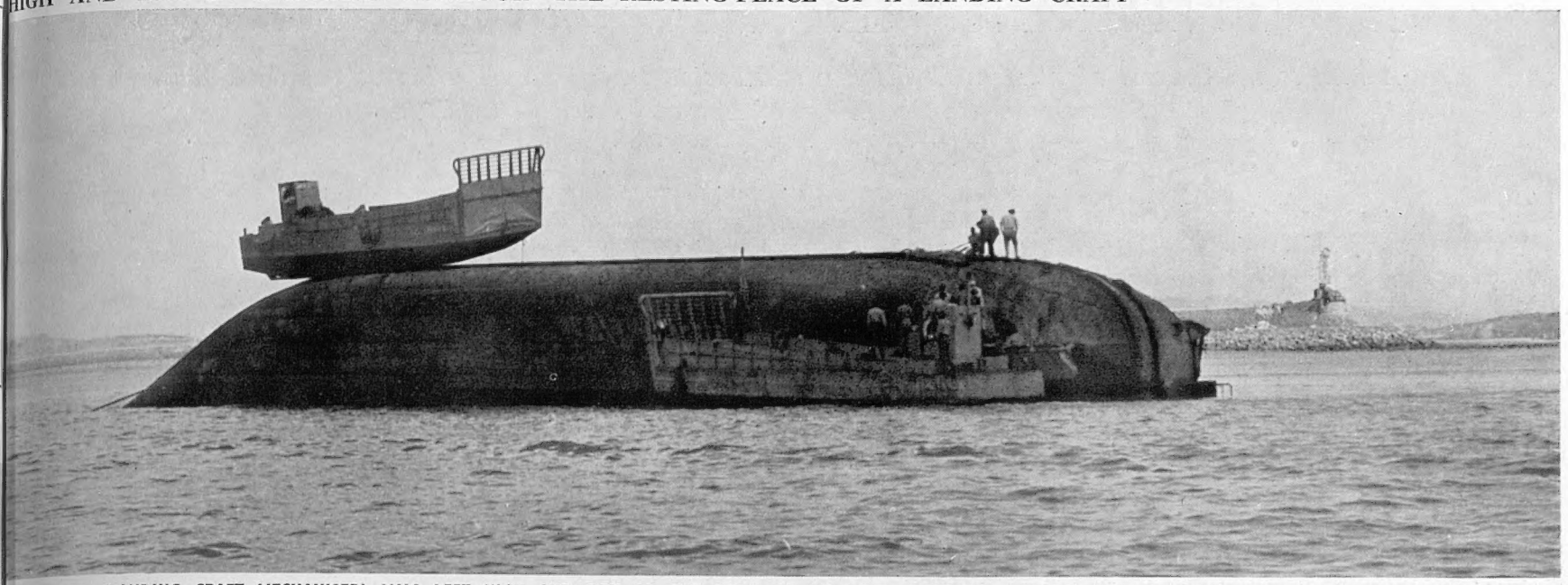
THE WEDDING GROUP OF VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY'S ONLY SON: Outside Craigallian, Milngavie, home of the bride's parents, where the reception was held, are, left to right—the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Connell; the Hon. David Montgomery and his bride; and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery. *On right*—The bride and bridegroom drive away for the honeymoon. They flew to London before leaving for a three-weeks stay in Italy.

The wedding of Viscount Montgomery's only son, which took place last week at St. Mary's (Episcopal) Cathedral in Glasgow, was a colourful affair, with the Field-Marshal breaking tradition by attending a civil ceremony in full-dress uniform. Viscount Montgomery wore his uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Five hundred guests and 300 members of the public attended the Cathedral ceremony and a crowd of some 10,000 gathered to welcome the bride and bridegroom. The bride was Miss Mary Connell, daughter of the well-known Glasgow shipowner, Mr. Charles Connell, who gave her away. The Hon. David Montgomery is an executive of an oil company in the Far East. He returned from Malacca and Singapore for the wedding. The day began with an early-morning fog, but this soon cleared and the sun broke through. A great burst of cheering greeted the principal guests, and thirty Press photographers recorded the occasion. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. M. P. G. Leonard, Provost of St. Mary's Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. J. N. F. Earle, of Bristol. Miss Mary Connell wore a dress of cream satin with a square neckline, and a short train. She was attended by seven children.

OFF TO MOUNT EVEREST

THEY ARE BOUND FOR THE HIMALAYAS: Colonel John Hunt, the lead of the expedition to Mount Everest, and Mr. Tom Bourdillo a member of the expedition, seen as they were about leave London Airport on Friday of last week en route India, where they will join the other members of the expediti which is to attempt in May to scale the world's highest pea

HIGH AND DRY IN A KOREAN HARBOUR—THE RESTING-PLACE OF A LANDING CRAFT



THIS L.C.M. (LANDING CRAFT MECHANISED) WAS LEFT HIGH AND DRY ON THE HULK OF AN L.S.T. (LANDING SHIP TANK) AS THE TIDE RECEDED IN A KOREAN HARBOUR: Another L.C.M. is seen alongside the hulk with a salvage crew endeavouring to refloat the stricken landing craft. With the number of capsized craft in the war-torn Korean harbours, pictures like this are not altogether surprising. On Korea's west coast tides rise and fall great distances, and it was this circumstance which made the landings at Inchon so very difficult in the days of the MacArthur flank attack from the sea.

JAPAN'S MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE TAKES A NAP

KOZEN HIROKAWA, THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FORESTRY, WHOSE RESIGNATION HAS BEEN RUMOURED, HAS FORTY WINKS WHILE THE BUDGET COMMITTEE OF THE JAPANESE LIBERAL PARTY HOLDS A MEETING: There have been rumours in Tokyo that Kozen Hirokawa is being forced to resign, but no confirmation of this has been received. Meanwhile the Minister displays no concern as he takes a nap at the meeting of the Committee.

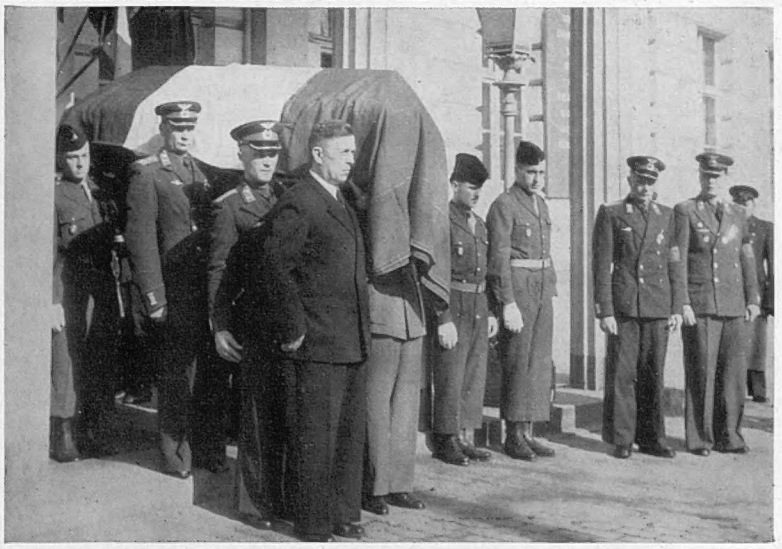
THE GERMAN FIELD MARSHAL WHO HATED HITLER

THE FUNERAL AT HANOVER OF THE FORMER FIELD MARSHAL GERD VON RUNDSTEDT: Preceded by the Field Marshal's baton carried on a cushion, the coffin is carried to the graveside, where it was buried after a brief and simple service. Von Rundstedt was an orthodox strategist who commanded the German armies in the West in the early phase of the Anglo-American invasion of 1944. He was said to have hated his master, the Führer, and certainly he had cause to, for few generals of his standing could have been dismissed and then recalled with such frequency. Since 1949, when he was released in Germany, he had been living at Hanover in modest circumstances, and for some time had been suffering with heart trouble. He was seventy-seven. For a time von Rundstedt was held prisoner at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, and while there complained bitterly at having to associate with quartermasters and doctors, whom he refused to regard as real generals despite their rank.

THE FASHION "PIRATING" CASE IN PARIS

SIXTEEN MEN AND WOMEN ARE ACCUSED OF CONSPIRING TO "PIRATE" DESIGNS FROM TWENTY-FIVE PARIS DRESS HOUSES: In the foreground of this picture are two of the defendants in the trial which opened at the Palais de Justice, Paris, at the end of last week. On the left is Madame Mariana de Kersabiec, an ex-mannequin, who pleaded not guilty to using her position as a fashion journalist to copy designs she saw at Press reviews. Madame de Kersabiec also has a dress-designing business. Seated next to her is Madame Madeleine Boudet, while on the extreme right is the fashion expert M. Fargeau. The "pirated" designs are alleged to have been sold abroad at cut prices, and an attorney for Christian Dior is asking for 98,000 dollars from the sixteen accused persons. The alleged ringleader of the syndicate is said to be Antonio Puricelli.

RUSSIAN HONOURS FOR FRENCH AIRMEN



THE BODIES OF ELEVEN FRENCH AIRMEN, WHO WERE KILLED WHILE FIGHTING WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES AGAINST GERMANY, ARE HANDED OVER TO FRENCH AUTHORITIES IN BERLIN: Wearing plain clothes, General Dengin, leader of the Soviet Control Commission in Berlin, helps to carry the first of the coffins from the House of Soviet Culture in East Berlin. The ceremony took place with full military honours. The Russian Commander-in-Chief in Germany was represented by Major-General Trussov, his Chief of Staff, and other senior officers. On the French side were General Vallin, former Commander-in-Chief of the Free French Air Force, and a member of the Conseil Supérieur de la Défense Nationale, and General Manceaux-Demiau, the French Commandant in Berlin. The dead airmen belonged to the famous "Normandie-Niemen" Squadron, and were shot down during operations on the Eastern front. The French Government is understood to have asked repeatedly for the return of the bodies.

ADVENTURING IN THE TWO BERLINS

A Visit to the Outpost of Western Civilisation and Facing It, the Last Bastion of the East, Where Strongly Contrasting Ways of Life are Much in Evidence

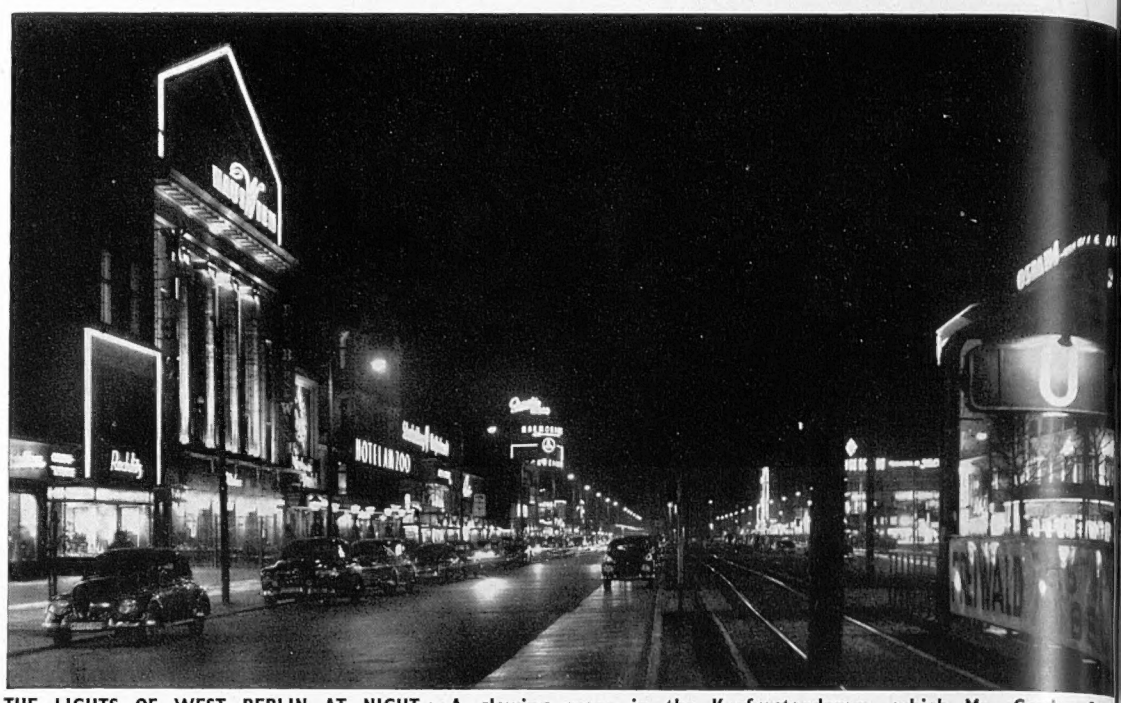
By GORDON COOPER ("The Sphere's" Travel Correspondent)

I TRAVELLED by the B.E.A. night-flight from Hanover to Berlin—a 100-minute trip. As we ran into a heavy snowstorm prior to landing, I got no bird's-eye view of the city by night, but I did get another kind of thrill, for, looking through the window of the plane, I had the curious illusion that we were being attacked by a vast and dense shoal of small white fish ; but they were merely the snowflakes, of course.

The minor formalities at the airport took a few seconds, and then in a few minutes by car I came to the Kurfurstendamm, the main thoroughfare in Western Berlin. I now received my first great surprise, for instead of seeing a more or less ruined city I looked out on one of the finest shopping streets in Europe, amazingly illuminated and with displays of every kind of merchandise in the shop-windows.

The lights of the Kurfurstendamm, as well as those in other main streets in the Western Sector, resemble, indeed, some gigantic fairyland and are quite the equal of what one sees on Broadway. Undoubtedly, part of this fantastic display of illumination, which continues through most of the night, is propaganda. But it is certainly a tonic for Western Berliners, a beacon of hope for those Germans living in the Eastern Zone, and offers, besides, a great attraction to tourists. (For Berlin is keen to develop its tourist industry.) Indeed, the only people it must irritate are the Russians, for in their sector the lights are very dim, partly because of fuel-famine.

During my stay in Berlin I lodged at the most comfortable Stephanie Hotel, just off the Kurfurstendamm. Here I found the staff particularly obliging and cheerful, but this is a trait I found to be prevalent everywhere in the Western Zone. The unquenchable spirit of the Berliners, indeed, resembles strongly that of the "Cockneys" in London during the blitz.



THE LIGHTS OF WEST BERLIN AT NIGHT : A glowing scene in the Kurfurstendamm, which Mr. Gordon Cooper describes as one of the finest shopping streets in Western Europe. This blaze of light, which continues throughout the greater part of the night, is in marked contrast to the drabness existing in East Berlin

There is no difficulty in getting accommodation in Berlin, and to suit all purses. You can, for instance, pay 7s. a night for a room in a clean, simple pension, while, at the other extreme, there is the newly-opened and extremely luxurious Hotel Kempinski.

Meals naturally vary in cost, although, rather surprisingly, the prices charged tend to be slightly lower than in Western Germany. Yet, every single item of food—milk, meat, eggs, fish, etc.—has to be imported across some hundreds of miles from the west ; and this applies also to almost every other class of goods, including coal and petrol. Until recently, it was possible to buy certain foodstuffs in the Eastern Zone, but this trade to-day is strictly forbidden and has completely ceased.

To give an idea of meal prices : I paid as little as 4s. for a good, substantial three-course meal in a typical restaurant patronised by the Berliners. There are a number of traditional dishes, including certain kinds of cakes of which the people are very fond. These cakes are usually served with large helpings of real cream. I liked, too, *Weisse*, a light beer with a shot of black-currant syrup and served in broad goblets.

Unlike elsewhere in Western Germany, there is no housing shortage for the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Western Berlin. Prices are reasonable, too : a modern two-roomed flat, renting for about £8 a month ; while another £2 covers the gas and electricity bills. All homes are, of course, centrally heated.

As I arrived after dark, I turned first to one of Berlin's major attractions, its night-life. Now, although I am not a night bird by nature (London has only once seen me inside a night club), yet in Western Berlin I cheerfully changed my character for the duration of my stay, just as almost every other visitor does. Indeed, I was loath to go to bed, grudging the few hours spent in sleep, for there was so much I wanted to see and do in this great city which never slumbers.

There are very many night clubs in Western Berlin—well over 100. In contrast, there is only one third-rate place of this kind in the Eastern Zone. Fortunately, in my own case, I had an excellent German companion and guide, and he led me around during my stay to about a dozen of the most interesting spots. These ranged from the thoroughly respectable *Quartier Bohème*, a favourite haunt of writers and artists, to one or two places which cannot be described in this paper.

In between these limits I went to Budenzauber, the best of several political cabarets of which Berliners are fond. Here there was a buzz of pointed quips, a hum of sarcastic songs, and sly, clever digs at everything which is up-to-date in the city. But, of course, you must be a Berliner to understand the jokes and allusions.

I looked into a couple of extremely noisy and fantastically decorated boogy-woogy clubs, packed with highly energetic Berlin youth and some American soldiers. (During my stay in Berlin I saw very few Allied troops.) Another curious place was Valeska Gert's "Hexenkuche," with its Stone Age environment, complete with "cavemen" and "cavewomen."

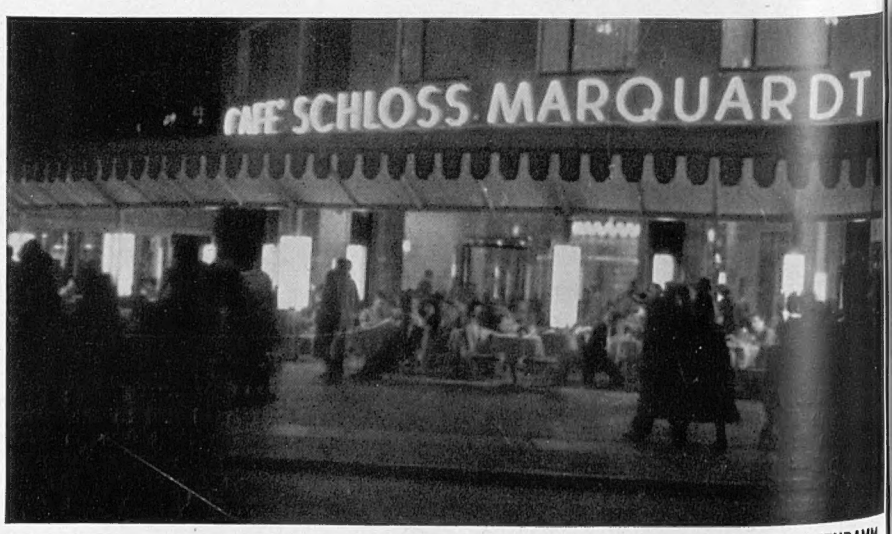
My first daytime visit was through the Tiergarten with all its former great trees completely destroyed to the Brandenburger Tor—a point of entry into the Eastern Zone. It was at the near-by Russian War Memorial that I saw my one and only Russian soldier. This sentry was a pleasant, fresh-coloured young man, and after we had both looked at each other as though at some strange beast, he cheerfully accepted a present of some cigarettes.

Signboards at the invisible frontier line told me of the boundary of the British Sector, while those on the Eastern side announced entry into the "Democratic Sector"—for that is how the Russians designate their zone. Cars pass freely through the Brandenburger Tor, but if they bear KB plates (Western Sector) they are soon stopped by the Vospos, or East Berlin police, for inspection. GB cars (Eastern Sector registration), however, are not searched. A motorist from the West must be particularly careful not to cross the frontier, which sometimes runs down the centre of a street and is quite unmarked, otherwise his car may be confiscated.

Not far from the Brandenburger Tor is the Potsdamer Platz, one of the most interesting spots in Berlin. It is a meeting-point of East and West. Here come the people of the Eastern Sector (easily distinguishable because of their wretched footwear) to buy at various small shops just within the Western Sector various everyday items, such as reels of thread, anything made of rubber, boots and shoes, vegetables and other food, all of which are practically unobtainable in their own area. The shops state that they will accept Eastern marks in payment, the current rate of exchange (which is rising) being about six Eastern marks to one Western mark.

On recrossing the invisible frontier, these Eastern shoppers run the risk of having their purchases (legally forbidden by the East German administration) confiscated by the police. Strictly prohibited is the use of a "non-democratic" newspaper for wrapping. But this attempt to suppress news is rather absurd, for at the focal point there is a travelling illuminated script on the Western side which gives the news and can be read

CARNIVAL-TIME IN WEST BERLIN : Decorated waggons passing through the centre of the city on Rose Monday. The first tableau in the procession represents Burgomaster Reuter with a giant shoe, an allusion to the Burgomaster's broadcasts, a series of fireside chats in which he reviews the current problems of West Berlin under the title, "Where the Shoe Pinches Most."



KEMPINSKI'S ABLAZE WITH LIGHT, A CENTRE OF NIGHT-LIFE ON THE KURFURSTENDAMM : The newly-opened and luxurious hotel operated by Kempinski's costs £2 per day per head. Accommodation in Berlin is not expensive or difficult to find.

THE BERLIN CAFÈ WITH A PRISON COMPLEX : Visitors to the Sing Sing Café are bound together on arrival, and one of the warder-waiters leads them off to their selected cell. This café with the prison motif was founded by Paul Nitsch, a well-known Berlin club owner. His flair for the spectacular has brought him a vast clientele.

FOR THE BERLINER OF LIMITED MEANS THERE IS ALWAYS THIS ALFRESCO FILM ENTERTAINMENT : Pre-views of coming film shows are given on this open-air screen situated in the down-town section of Berlin.

THE MARMORHAUS, A SUPER-MOVIE PALACE IN WEST BERLIN : This is the biggest and most luxurious of the new West Berlin cinemas.

BERLIN IS A FAÇADE, SAY THE BERLINERS OF TO-DAY : Judging by this picture, they are right. It shows a new restaurant with a waste of rubble on a bombed site in the rear.

IN ONE OF THE MANY GAMBLING-PLACES LICENSED BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES : Many casinos have sprung up in recent months in the Western Sector. Often small fortunes change hands on the turn of a card in these casinos.

a distance, not least by the Eastern police in their headquarters, which look on to the Potsdammer Platz.

I will now relate my biggest adventure in Berlin : my visit into the Eastern Zone. This escapade was undoubtedly foolish, but I had set my heart on accomplishing it. Without a Russian permit, which I could never have obtained, and as a journalist, I ran the risk, if questioned, of being arrested as a " spy." The Soviet attitude on this matter need hardly be emphasised.

Without the advice of anyone, I managed to secure the services of a young Berlin student as companion. Leaving behind my Western marks, we got on an S-Bahn (elevated railway) train, the single-fare ticket costing me 4d. This S-Bahn comes under an Eastern Sector management, who spend little money on maintenance ; while the underground railway, the only other through connecting link between the sectors, comes under a joint East-West control. (Buses and trams only go to the frontier, where passengers must change.)

Arrival in the Eastern Sector was made obvious by the many painted Communist slogans carried on the walls of buildings. These extolled the " democratic " way of life and the " joy " of the East German inhabitants at being linked with the glorious Soviet Union. I did not see, however, any special references to Father Stalin.

Leaving the train at the Friederichstrasse Station, I was struck immediately by the shabbiness and drabness of the people and their environment.

My promenade took me into the Friederichstrasse, a grim and desolate travesty of its once former bustling activity, then into the Unter den Linden, where the only imposing building is the enormous new home of the Soviet Ambassador. Some building work, the only activity of this kind that I saw in the Eastern Sector, was being carried out in re-roofing the Opera House. Just opposite was what was in former days the impressive War Memorial for those Germans killed in the First World War. To-day it is a neglected, roofless shrine, despoiled of its decorations and quite deserted. I sought out other memories of the past : the luxurious Eden Hotel, the famous Schlossmuseum, Hitler's great Chancellery—but in vain. The Staatlichen Museum, however, has been reopened, but as all its treasures have gone to Russia, it is not now worth a visit.

During my wanderings, not made more reassuring by the fact that my companion would insist on conversing quite loudly in " American," I looked into a number of shops, almost all of which bore the sign " H.O.," indicating that they are State-owned. Their stock consisted mainly of highly priced shoddy goods, but few of the things a person might want to buy. The food shops especially had next to nothing to offer the housewife, with the exception of caviare, potatoes, Hungarian wines and packets of Maizena.

No Eastern shop is allowed to serve a Western customer. I tried to get a hair-cut, but when the barber asked for my identity card, I just had to leave. I picked out some postcards in a shop, but again I was not allowed to buy them. The same refusal came in a post office and at a coffee-stall. I thought of trying to get a shoe-shine from an aged boot-black, but the near-by presence of two East German police made me think better of it. Then, just before buying my return ticket to the West, I was permitted to purchase a propaganda newspaper.

The return S-Bahn journey was perhaps the greatest danger of all, for often trains are stopped at the sector frontier for inspection of permits. If this took place, my fate was sealed. Fortunately, I was in luck ; and a few minutes later I was in Kempinski's fashionable café, drinking real coffee, eating marvellous cakes smothered in cream, followed by a hair-cut (2s. 6d.) and a shop-window stroll down the Kurfurstendamm, with its news-stands burdened with papers from every part of the " non-democratic " world.

Far too soon came the time for me to leave Berlin. The cheerful night porter at the Hotel Stephanie woke me up at 5.30 a.m., bringing me some breakfast. I needed the coffee, for I had not got to bed till 2 a.m. Half an hour later a car came to take me to the airport. As I drove up, I took note of the Airlift Memorial which commemorates those 322 days of the blockade, during which millions of lives, nay, the future of our Western civilisation, depended on the heroism of the Allied flyers and the functioning of the Tempelhof Airfield. This vital victory, I thought, ranks with that decisive battle when Charles Martel in 732 defeated the huge army of invading Saracens at Poitiers and thus saved Western Europe for Christianity.

FEEDING REFUGEES FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE IN WEST BERLIN : The refugees are a great problem to the authorities, but they have little impact on the life of Western Berlin, as they are accommodated in transit camps. Their numbers have increased enormously in recent months.

GERMANY MEETS HER PRE-WAR DEBTS

Nineteen Governments Meet the German Representatives in London and Sign the Documents Regulating the Financial Position

SIGNING THE INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENTS FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF GERMANY'S PRE-WAR EXTERNAL DEBTS: M. René Massigli, French Ambassador in London, Sir George Rendel, the United Kingdom member of the Tripartite Commission on German Debts, and Mr. Warren Lee Pierson, of the United States, signing the documents. Actually two agreements were made, and the main agreement was signed by the representatives of the Federal German and nineteen other Governments. The total of the payments that Germany is undertaking on her external debts under the two agreements has been estimated at about 550,000,000 marks (£46,000,000) a year, rising at the end of five years to about 733,000,000 marks (£61,000,000) a year. The British Government will receive £7,500,000 a year for twenty years in settlement of claims arising out of post-war economic assistance. In addition, receipts by United Kingdom creditors under the settlement of pre-war debts will amount to about £5,250,000 at first, rising after five years to about £6,750,000. The agreement will come into force as soon as it is ratified by the nineteen Governments concerned.

THE SIGNATORIES TO THE GERMAN DEBT AGREEMENTS IN SESSION AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE: In the centre of the table in the foreground, with backs to the camera, M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, is seen in conversation with Sir George Rendel, of the United Kingdom. In the centre of the table in the background is Herr Abs, representing the German Republic. *Inset on left*—Herr Abs about to put his signature to one of the documents. Sir George Rendel described the agreement on Germany's pre-war debts as a valuable recognition of the principle of observance of undertakings

THE DISORDERS IN TEHERAN

The Mob Rallies to the Shah and Opposes Moussadek During a Week-end of Rioting in the Persian Capital

THE SHAH OF PERSIA SPEAKS TO HIS SUBJECTS: From the balcony of the Royal palace in Teheran the Shah announced last week-end that he would accede to the wishes of the people and that he would not leave the country. While the mob on the one hand demonstrated in favour of the Shah, there were at the same time a series of anti-Moussadek demonstrations. Moussadek temporarily took sanctuary in the Parliament.

A PERSIAN ARMY OFFICER WAVING HIS HAT ALOFT AS HE CALLED "DEATH TO MOUSSADEK!": He was leading the mob in the demonstration against the Prime Minister, whose home lies only a short distance from that of the Shah.

Last week-end Dr. Moussadek, until recently the idol of the Teheran mob, was made the target for the mob's attack when the Opposition parties, making use of the Shah's proposed departure from Persia for an indefinite stay abroad, converged on the Prime Minister's home in angry mood. They converged, too, upon the Palace and urged the Shah to remain among them. Thus was brought to a head the long-drawn-out tension between the Government of Moussadek and the Royal house. The Army and police did nothing to quell the disturbances in the opening phases, so it was little wonder that Dr. Moussadek has since provided himself with a new Chief of Staff and a new Chief of Police. Dr. Moussadek is known to be jealous of the Shah's influence, and the Prime Minister has lately inflicted a number of slights on the Court, not least the driving of the Shah's sister from the country. Moussadek has interfered, too, with the management of the Royal domains and has obstructed the Shah's design of distributing land to the peasants and thus building up a system of smallholders as an example to other great landlords. It was not surprising that when the Shah gave out his intention of going abroad to seek medical treatment and to visit the great Shiah shrines Kashani, the Opposition leader, should have spread the rumour that Moussadek was driving the Shah from Persia, and that Kashani should have raised a mob that shouted for the Shah and against the Prime Minister. Last Sunday there were further disorders, but by then Moussadek had implemented some strong counter-measures.

STATESMEN OF THE WORLD

IN CONFERENCE

The Soviet Foreign Minister Arrives in New York for the U.N. Session; Neguib and Sir Ralph Stevenson Talk Over the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement; the Meetings in Rome

SMILING BUT UNCOMMUNICATIVE, THE RUSSIANS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK FOR THE RESUMPTION OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY SESSION: *Left*—Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister, extending his hand to Valerian Zorin as he arrived in Manhattan aboard the liner *Queen Mary*. *Right*—Anti-Soviet pickets filling the area near the 50th Street Pier protesting against the arrival of Vishinsky, who was described in one placard as "The murderer of nations," and in another as "The false peacemaker." Mr. Vishinsky now meets his old rival, Mr. John Foster Dulles, on slightly different terms. These two contending lawyers have been at loggerheads since the first meetings of the United Nations in 1946, but now Mr. Dulles meets Mr. Vishinsky as the No. 1 member of General Eisenhower's Cabinet. Mr. Vishinsky has often attacked Mr. Dulles as a warmonger, and on one occasion he stated that in his opinion Mr. Dulles should be thrown into chains.

On left—
A CHEERFUL MEETING: General Neguib and Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador in Cairo, seen during a recent discussion between them which they afterwards described as a friendly talk on current affairs. It was assumed that the discussion had in the main covered technical questions concerned with the execution of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Sudan. At the same time General Neguib let it be known that no date had been fixed for beginning Anglo-Egyptian negotiations for the widely proclaimed evacuation of the Canal Zone.

On right—
CELEBRATIONS TO MARK THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON THE SUDAN: Abdel Rahman el Mahdi (the son of the celebrated Mahdi), Hassan el Moddather, Sir James Robertson (Sudan Government Secretary) and Sir Robert Howe (Governor of the Sudan) at a recent gathering held in Khartoum.

CONFERRING IN ROME—THE TWO-DAY CONFERENCE OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE SIX STATES OF THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE COMMUNITY: *Left*—Chancellor Adenauer seated in the centre of the German delegates. *Right*—M. Paul Van Zeeland (Belgium), M. Georges Bidault (France), and Alcide de Gasperi (Italy) seen conferring together during an evening party held at the Villa Madama on the Monte Mario Hill overlooking Rome.

The problems of ratifying the European Defence Community Treaty have been under discussion by the Foreign Ministers of the six participating nations, who met in Rome last week. Italy, France, Western Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg are the countries concerned, and the talks have taken place in the Villa Aldobrandi, an imposing sixteenth-century building standing in a fine garden near the centre of the city. At the outset Dr. Adenauer was outspoken regarding the attitude of West Germany, indicating that the state of preparedness of the Soviet Union was such that something should be done and done immediately to bring the European Army into being. After a session marked by a spirit of great goodwill the Foreign Ministers of the six Powers agreed that the controversial French Protocols should be redrafted to conform to the "spirit and substance" of the European Defence Community Treaty.

Foreign News in Pictures

FROM EUROPE, SOUTH AFRICA and the FAR EAST

A "Sphere" Survey of Events in Germany, Israel, Austria, France, South Africa and Indo-China

RUSSIAN TROOPS VISIT THE SOVIET WAR MEMORIAL IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF BERLIN ON THE SOVIET ARMY DAY: ***On left*—A Russian delegation at the memorial during the ceremony. Second from right is General Dengin, the leader of the Soviet Control Commission in Berlin.** ***On right*—An unarmed Russian infantry company marching from the memorial after the ceremony.** In Moscow, Marshal Alexander M. Vasilevsky, the War Minister, and Admiral Nikolai Kuznetzov, the Navy Minister, marked the day by issuing orders that the Soviet land and sea forces "were to maintain the highest battle preparedness and ceaselessly stand guard over the national interests of the Union against a threat from any quarter." Observers attached special interest to these orders since they followed immediately upon receipt by foreign military attachés of the news that Marshal Vasilevsky's chief deputy in the War Ministry, Marshal Vassily D. Sokolovsky, had assumed the post of Chief of Staff, succeeding General Sergei M. Shtemenko. General Shtemenko is one of the Soviet leaders whom Kremlin doctors, now under arrest, are said to have tried to kill. There is no indication of what has happened to him.

THE RUSSIANS LEAVE ISRAEL—THE SEQUEL TO THE BOMB EXPLOSION AT THE SOVIET LEGATION IN TEL AVIV: Workmen moving property from the Legation, including a portrait of Mr. Molotov, as the Soviet Minister and his staff were preparing to leave. *On right*—Mme. Susayevna, housekeeper at the Legation, is carried aboard the Turkish vessel *Kadesh*, which took the Russians from Haifa to Istanbul. Mme. Susayevna was one of three members of the staff injured in the explosion, which wrecked the building. Strict precautions were taken by Israeli police to ensure that the Russians' departure was without incident, for high feeling exists in Israel against the new persecution of Jews in Russia and other Communist countries. Soviet Russia broke off diplomatic relations with Israel in spite of the fact that Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister, hotly condemned the bombing of the Tel Aviv Legation as "a wicked crime" committed by "enemies of Israel."

THE FRENCH SEEK A NEW SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF INDO-CHINA: To relieve the French Army of some of its heavy burdens, a number of independent Viet Nam commando battalions are to be raised. M. Paul Reynaud, President of the Finance Committee of the National Assembly, who was visiting Indo-China, is seen talking to Colonel Leroy at a luncheon in his honour given by the Chief of Bentre, Nguyen Kim Giol, and Commander Nguyen Thi Thrieu, during one of the preliminary meetings concerned with this move. Although the training and equipping of local troops is not itself a new idea, enthusiasm has been stimulated by the avowed interest of the new American Administration, and by the scope and political implications of new Viet Nam proposals, which foreshadow the immediate recruitment of fifty-five battalions, each of 700 men. These would constitute an indigenous and large autonomous army, fighting the rebel forces with their own native methods.

THE LEADER OF THE GERMAN INVASION OF POLAND IS RELEASED FROM PRISON : Field Marshal Georg von Kuechler, aged seventy-two, seen walking with his wife and daughter shortly after being released from the American-controlled war criminals' prison at Landsberg, Germany. The Field Marshal, who led Germany's invasion of Poland, has been in bad health since a recent heart attack, and has been granted a medical parole eleven months before the completion of his sentence. A War Crimes Tribunal sentenced him to twenty years' imprisonment for sanctioning the murder of 230 sick and mentally defective Russian women and for persecuting Jews, partisans, Communists and prisoners of war in his Northern Army Command in Russia. This term of imprisonment was later reduced by a board of review. After the invasion of Poland Von Kuechler led army groups in France and Russia.

AT THE TIME OF THE DISSOLUTION OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT—1,000 COLOURED PEOPLE DEMONSTRATE IN CAPE TOWN : The demonstration, held in protest against the Public Safety Bill, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, the Group Areas Act and the Apartheid laws in general, was organised by the African National Congress, the Franchise Action Council and the Cape Indian Assembly. After holding a mass meeting on the Grand Parade, the demonstrators, among whom were a few Europeans, marched in an orderly procession through the city's streets, many of the men carrying hurriedly-written banners bearing such phrases as "Defend Democracy," "Freedom, Not Fear," "Equal Rights For All," and "Away With Apartheid." In the forthcoming elections in South Africa one of the main issues before the electorate will be the principle of separation of white from black. Dr. Malan's Government consider that the time has arrived for the country to approve or reject the proposal, while the United Party are of the opinion that the problem of race and colour should be reviewed after the election, with all parties, including the native population, co-operating.

VOTING TAKES PLACE IN AUSTRIA'S THIRD GENERAL ELECTION SINCE THE WAR : *Left*—The Austrian President, Dr. Theodor Korner, submitting his credentials to the head of a local election committee before casting his vote. *Right*—Leopold Figl, the Austrian Chancellor, registering his vote. His wife is seen with him, in the foreground of the picture. The elections resulted in an increased majority for the coalition parties, but narrowed the gaps between those two parties, the People's Party and the Socialist Party. Despite the complete absence of any excitement during the election campaign the voting was heavy.

The Austrian scene continues to be dominated by the wider question of the relations between the four Great Powers, and it is not insignificant that while the American Government has poured money into Austria via E.R.P., the Soviet Government has continued to take it out through the network of ex-German firms and undertakings under the Administration of Soviet Properties in Austria. Meanwhile the Austrians have continued to order their internal political affairs with acumen, and during the week-end before last they went to the polls for the third time since the war, suspending the sale of alcohol from 8 p.m. on the Saturday until 8 p.m. on the Sunday, thus ensuring that the voting passed off in orderly fashion. As well as the Federal elections municipal elections were also held at Graz and Klagenfurt, the capitals respectively of Styria and Carinthia. The first results showed the Coalition parties racing neck and neck, and indeed there was only one seat between the Socialists and the People's Party when the final count was complete. This result will inevitably mean a display of great moderation by both parties if the new Government is not to run into storms.

On right—

WITH THE VILLAVERDES IN PARIS : Dr. Bordiu, Marquis of Villaverde, and his wife Carmen, Marchioness of Villaverde, and daughter of General Franco, standing together as they talked with journalists at a Press conference in Paris. The conference was held in the Spanish Embassy in connection with the forthcoming Congress on Tuberculosis which is to be held in Madrid and which will be attended by over 2,000 doctors. Since their marriage Carmen Franco and her husband have taken an increasing part in public life, carrying out very often those functions which in a full monarchy would be expected of the heir to the throne.

AMERICANA

THE PRESIDENT MEETS A NEW ASSISTANT AND AN OLD OPPONENT, AND GOES GOLFING ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN; DULLES ON CHINA; HARRY TRUMAN EMBARKS UPON THE PROJECT OF HIS MEMOIRS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER GREETS HIS NEW ASSISTANT: The President shaking hands with Mr. C. D. Jackson, a New York publisher, after the latter had joined the White House staff as special assistant in charge of cold-war planning. General Eisenhower holds Mr. Jackson's commission. Mr. Jackson, who is on leave from his duties as publisher of *Fortune* magazine, will receive a salary of 15,000 dollars a year. He worked under Eisenhower during the war when the President was Supreme Commander. Mr. Jackson's title then was Deputy Chief of the Psychological Warfare Branch.

THE PRESIDENT RELAXES IN HIS FAVOURITE WAY (BUT NOT UNESPIED): General Eisenhower driving golf-balls on one of the lawns at the White House before the start of his day's work. A White House employee is seen standing with a bag waiting to collect the golf-balls driven by the President. It is explained by the photographer who took this picture that it was made with a telephoto lens through one of the boundary fences of the White House. He and his colleagues (who are seen in the *picture below*) were determined that the President's lighter moments should not go unrecorded.

ADLAI AND IKE MEET AT THE WHITE HOUSE—THE STERN OPPONENTS OF 1952 GREET EACH OTHER AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION IN WASHINGTON: Mr. Adlai Stevenson, defeated Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and his victorious opponent, General Eisenhower, shaking hands before they lunched together in company with a group of Congressmen. Mr. Stevenson was about to start out on his five-months world fact-finding tour, and the luncheon was in the nature of a send-off for the tour, in the course of which he has been promised full administration aid. Mr. Stevenson declared, as he left the White House, that he had had an enjoyable time, that he had not made any secret agreements, and he had not been enslaved. This was an allusion to the President's State of the Union Message recommendation that the United States repudiate "secret understandings" that enslaved peoples.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: The Secretary of State seen as he announced that the State Department is studying intensively the question of possible future action in the Pacific, including a naval blockade, "to slash the flow of strategic goods to Red China," as he put it. This was Dulles' first Press conference after his return from Europe.

A PRIVATE CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES SETS TO WORK ON HIS MEMOIRS: Mr. Truman dictating to his secretary, Miss Rose Conway, at his office in Kansas City. The former President has just announced that he has sold the rights of his memoirs to *Life* magazine. Mr. Truman has not revealed how much he is being paid for the memoirs, but it has been reported in New York publishing circles that the sum is in the neighbourhood of 600,000 dollars. The story will cover Mr. Truman's service in Washington as a Senator, and his work as Vice-President and President of the United States. The memoirs will be published late in 1954.

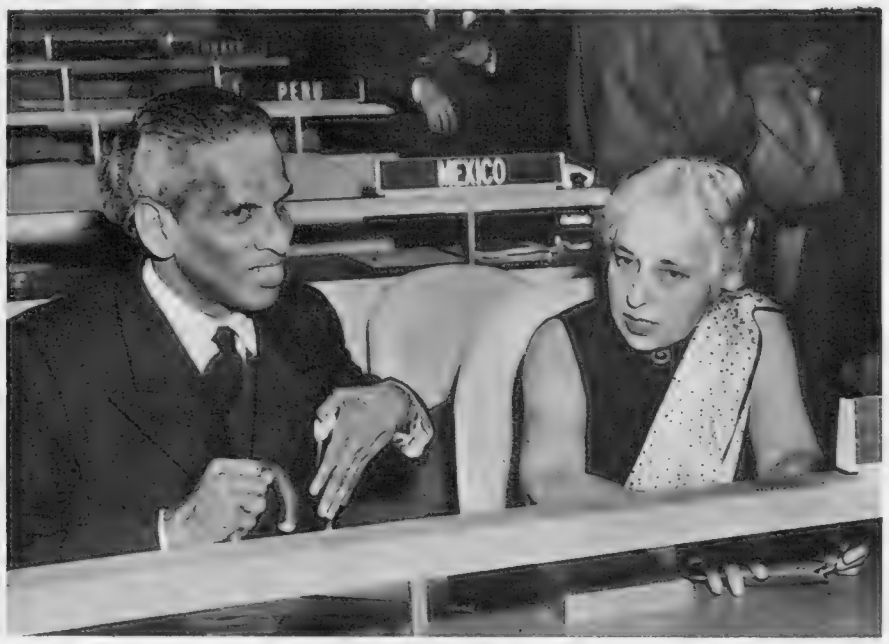
MEETINGS IN AMERICA

Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler Leave for Talks in Washington; the Resumption of the U.N. General Assembly; President Peron Visits Chile

MR. EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, AND MR. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, AT WATERLOO STATION ON THEIR WAY TO THE UNITED STATES FOR DISCUSSIONS ON ECONOMIC PROBLEMS: This picture shows (from left to right) Mr. Eden, Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the American Ambassador in London; Mr. Butler, his daughter Sarah, Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Aldrich. Mrs. Eden was also in the party. With the Ambassador, Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler left Waterloo for Southampton, to join the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. Speaking on board, the Foreign Secretary said: "The main purpose we have in mind is to discuss with our American friends the ideas upon which we agreed at the Commonwealth Economic Conference about future world trade, wider world trade, we hope, and economic well-being in general. Meanwhile, it is no doubt true that we shall also have opportunities for talks on international topics—of which there is never a shortage."

WIELDING AN ORNAMENTAL GAVEL, MR. LESTER PEARSON, OF CANADA, OPENS THE RESUMED SITTING OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: The Assembly started its Christmas recess on December 22 and delayed its return to give President Eisenhower's new administration time to formulate its policy on Korea and other important questions. The proceedings on the first day were confined to a statement by Mr. Pearson, the President, who said that the Korean discussion would be resumed where it was left off before Christmas. He also conveyed President Eisenhower's greetings to the Assembly.

A WARM HANDSHAKE BEFORE THE BITTER STRUGGLES TO COME: Sir Gladwyn Jebb, of the United Kingdom, with Mr. Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister, exchange greetings at the resumed sitting of the General Assembly.



MEMBERS OF THE INDIAN DELEGATION AT THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY: Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, leader of the delegation, and Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, formerly Indian High Commissioner in London. Mr. Menon led the Indian attempt shortly before Christmas to bring about a settlement in Korea.

THE MEETING OF TWO SOUTH AMERICAN PRESIDENTS: President Peron, of Argentina (left), and President Del Campo, of Chile, waving to the crowds from their car after their meeting at Santiago, where President Peron arrived on a six-day State visit. *On right*—The two Presidents signing a protocol agreement setting up commissions to study the problems of an economic union of the two countries. President Peron, still wearing a black arm-band in mourning for the late Senora Peron, is on the left. Speaking to a large crowd that collected at Valparaiso to welcome the visiting Argentine leader, President Del Campo said that his Government's desire to abolish trade barriers was not unilateral. He wanted to achieve a closer inter-relationship between all American nations. He had invited President Peron because he was sure personal contact was the best means of guaranteeing that common desires for closer co-operation would be brought to fulfilment.

HOLIDAY-MAKING ON ENGLAND'S CANALS

A Fortnight's Journey on a Converted Barge Through the Lovely but Forgotten Waterways of the English Countryside

LAST summer saw the first full season of yet another new idea in holidays. A small English organisation has now fully established itself as the sponsor of holidays by barge, and for this purpose it has converted several of the "narrow boats," normally used on the canals for conveying merchandise, into floating hotels.

Each narrow boat, 71 ft. in length, has been modified to accommodate seven passengers, in single and double cabins, plus the crew of cook and steersman. Although space is, of course, rather limited, each cabin is provided with a small wash-basin, with hot and cold running water, cupboard space, electric light and a full-length bunk. Each vessel has its own miniature galley and an observation saloon, which serves, with collapsible tables, as a dining-room.

To-day the picturesque horse-drawn barge is practically non-existent, and the steersman must be an efficient Diesel engineer as well as a skilful jockey in guiding these rather unwieldy craft; whilst the cook must be able to prepare meals for nine or ten people in a space that would make even the smallest kitchenette appear commodious.

At present the scheduled journey, taking a fortnight, lies between Nottingham and Leighton Buzzard. This trip through seven counties is considered to be truly representative of our canals, and, indeed, one passes through some beautiful waterways which one would never approach in the usual way. The main towns (Nottingham, Leicester, Loughborough, Market Harborough, Leighton Buzzard, etc.) need no special mention here; rather it is the lesser known stretches of water which twist and turn through our countryside which are the delight of this type of holiday.

Great stretches of these waterways are now almost deserted by traffic, and a large number of the people one sees are either fishing for pike or just taking exercise along the bank. Usually, quite undisturbed, one can see many types of bird life, such as the kingfisher darting quickly among the overhanging trees or the heron rising gracefully from its watery resting-place. The swan raises its stately family in peace along these stretches, and in the water swarms of long-snouted fish can be seen from the boat.

The day begins with a cup of tea in bed, followed by a breakfast of good quality and adequate proportions. When the boat is under way the passengers

A HOLIDAY BY BARGE—PASSENGERS ON ONE OF THE CONVERTED "NARROW BOATS" PASSING THROUGH A LOCK ON THE WAY TO LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE: Travelling the lovely canals of England in picturesque barges is another new idea in holidays. Several canal barges have been comfortably converted for this purpose, and last summer was the first full barge-holiday season. The barges have well-equipped cabins, with running hot and cold water and electric light.

USING A POLE TO MOVE A HOLIDAY BARGE OUT OF SHALLOW CANAL WATER AT LOUGHBOROUGH: Sometimes it is necessary for someone to go on ahead and let more water down through the next lock. Where the canals run through industrial areas, they are more sombre but certainly no less interesting.

THE HELMSMAN TROLLING FOR PIKE AS THE BARGE MOVES QUIETLY ALONG BETWEEN THE REEDS: Shoals of small roach, rudd and perch dash for shelter as the heavy barge noses quietly towards them. Brightly-coloured kingfishers dart about among overhanging shrubs, and herons, disturbed at their feeding-grounds along the banks, rise majestically to the high trees. Birds and animals are often the only creatures to be seen for miles along these lonely canals.

can either sit in the open space at the bow or lounge about on the roof; this last serves as an excellent sunbathing platform if the weather is kind enough.

The steady beat of the engine is a constant accompaniment to an ever-changing view as the canal turns and twists, and it does not prevent one from appreciating to the full the peace and beauty of the countryside. Sometimes few people are seen for several miles; only the cows are there to register curiosity with a pause in their grazing; or an impassive horse looking over a gate continues to flick away the flies and gives no sign of being disturbed. Thus the day passes, the rate of progress only being halted by the many locks to be negotiated, and in opening and closing which the passengers take an interested and active part, for are they not adding something to their worldly knowledge as well as taking the opportunity of stretching legs perhaps not accustomed to so much relaxation.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the trip is the contrast when the boat passes from the world of meadows and backwater into the industrial part of the large towns through which the canal of necessity must always find its way. Most town dwellers obtain a glimpse of a canal from time to time during their daily round, but to take a trip through a city on one of these barges is a truly fascinating experience.

The passing of the boats is always of prime interest to the workers in the mills and factories, who are forever ready for some backchat or just a friendly greeting. Sometimes the water on certain stretches of the canal becomes rather low, in which event the boat may get stuck for a while, the steersman requiring all his dexterity with a long pole to get it under way again. It is sometimes even necessary to send someone ahead to the next lock to let more water down.

The boats are always brought to rest for main meals, and often near a country pub. for a lunch-time appetiser. The afternoon cup of tea, however, is usually served under way, and is seldom taken in a more delightful manner than when sitting on the roof of a "narrow boat" which is moving gently through beautiful scenery. The boat finally comes to rest for the night near a small village, and dinner is served. The evenings are usually devoted to exploring the surroundings or, if the holiday is taken late in the season, there is always a friendly pub., with a dartboard for those so inclined; or a party can be arranged for cards in the saloon. In any event, one can relax completely in the knowledge that to-morrow will be another restful day.

This form of holiday is ideal for anyone requiring something relaxing and yet interesting; it has something of the spirit of camping without its hardship, something of the spirit of travel without its inconvenience. Fundamentally, the total enjoyment will depend to a large extent upon one's companions. Here it is as well to mention that the average age of passengers carried so far is surprisingly high, those of middle age predominating. Nevertheless, this is a holiday that anyone may enjoy. That has been very clearly proven.

A LOVELY STRETCH WHERE THE CANAL APPROACHES LEICESTER ON THE JOURNEY SOUTH: The passengers have finished their tea and watch the ducks hurrying after the barge in the hope of winning tit-bits.

WATCHING THE SLOWLY-PASSING SCENERY FROM THE BOWS OF THE BARGE: For the main meals the barge is brought to rest, usually near a convenient country pub.

In High Altitudes

A Successful Pressure-suit for High-altitude Flying; the Douglas DC-7 Airliner; and the Firebee, a New American Target Plane

THE LATEST THING IN SPACE-SUITS—AN AMERICAN INVENTION WHICH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN PRESSURE-CHAMBER TESTS: Lieut.-Commander Harry Peck, of the United States Navy, wearing the first "full-pressure flying suit" which has been developed for the Navy by the B. F. Goodrich Company, and which has been successfully demonstrated at a pressure-chamber altitude of 70,000 ft. *On right*—A side view of the pressure suit, showing the enormous helmet completely enclosing the flyer's head. The new suit is made of rubber and contains its own oxygen and pressure systems. It is said to be the first to afford the flyer complete protection in altitudes of 50,000 ft. or more. Previous attempts to develop such equipment have been unsatisfactory either because only partial protection could be provided or because the suits were too bulky. The new suit overcomes both these problems. The pilot finds no difficulty in manipulating his controls while wearing it, and if the aircraft's oxygen supply is damaged he has sufficient pressure and oxygen in the suit to fly down to lower altitudes.

BUILDING THE DC-7, AMERICA'S LATEST AIRLINER, WHICH IS SAID TO BE THE FASTEST PISTON-ENGINED CIVIL AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: This picture shows the main fuselage of the new aircraft being lowered into place between the wings, at the Douglas Aircraft Company's factory at Santa Monica, California. The United States is still far behind in the race to produce jet-engined civil aircraft, and the DC-7 will be the fastest American-built transport plane until success in the jet-powered field comes along. The new plane will have a top speed of more than 400 m.p.h. and an average cruising speed of 360 m.p.h. The Douglas Aircraft Company say that the metal titanium has been extensively used in its construction, and that this is the first time titanium has been used in large quantities for civil planes. The titanium will effect a saving in weight of 200 lb., and will afford great strength at high temperatures. The airliner will seat from sixty to ninety-five passengers, according to the seating arrangement.

THE NEW AMERICAN FIREBEE TARGET PLANE ON TRIAL OVER THE DESERT AT ALAMAGORDO, NEW MEXICO: This tiny aircraft, intended as a target for radar-directed fighters and ground anti-aircraft installations, is seen shortly after leaving the parent B-26, which launches it after reaching a high altitude. The Firebee is capable of speeds near that of sound. It has a single jet engine and is about half the size of a modern jet-fighter. It is controlled entirely from the ground after launching and can simulate the flight characteristics of most modern jet-fighters. A parachute recovery system lowers it to the ground in the event of a target hit or technical failure, or at the desire of the operator.

PREPARING THE FIREBEE TARGET PLANE FOR FLIGHT: The Firebee has swept-back wings and is propelled by a Fairchild J-44 turbo-jet. It is 18 ft. long, with a wing-span of 12 ft., and weighs 1,800 lb.

QUEEN JULIANA'S LONDON VISIT

CONVEYING THE GRATITUDE OF THE DUTCH PEOPLE FOR HELP IN THE FLOOD CRISIS

QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS ARRIVE AT HENDON AIRPORT AT THE START OF THEIR ONE-DAY VISIT: *Left*—The Queen walking down the steps of her Dakota aircraft, which had been piloted by her Consort, the Prince of the Netherlands. *Right*—Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard with Dr. Stikker, the Netherlands Ambassador. Prince Bernhard had intended to fly over Canvey Island, but because fog had delayed the take-off he flew straight in to Hendon.

With Prince Bernhard piloting the two-engined Royal Dakota, Queen Juliana took off from Soesterberg on Thursday of last week at the start of her one-day visit to London. Fog delayed the take-off and complicated the landing, but flares and Very lights guided Prince Bernhard in to a perfect landing at Hendon. This was not the only complication of the Royal flyers, as poor visibility made it necessary for them to transfer their plane from Hendon to Northolt for the return journey to Holland in the afternoon. During her stay in London Queen Juliana visited the Royal Academy for the exhibition of Dutch paintings, then went to Buckingham Palace for luncheon with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and finally paid a call at the Netherlands Embassy. At the Embassy Queen Juliana received Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, Master of the Carpenters' Company.

QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH DR. STIKKER, THE DUTCH AMBASSADOR: Queen Juliana first drove to the Royal Academy, in order to see the exhibition of Dutch paintings, and later, in company with Prince Bernhard, drove to Buckingham Palace, where they were entertained to luncheon by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Queen Juliana conveyed to Queen Elizabeth the deepest gratitude of the Dutch people to the people of Britain for all the help given in the flood crisis.

QUEEN JULIANA ARRIVING AT BURLINGTON HOUSE TO SEE THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH PAINTINGS: The Queen is seen with Sir Gerald Kelly, the President of the Royal Academy. This was one of the most informal Royal visits ever paid to the Academy. While the Queen was at Burlington House Prince Bernhard flew the Royal Dakota plane to Northolt Airport to be ready for the return journey in the evening.

THE ORIGINAL HOLLAND HOUSE—A SKETCH OF THE CELEBRATED MANSION IN KENSINGTON PREPARED BY MR. F. A. EVANS, OF THE HISTORIC BUILDINGS SECTION OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ARCHITECT'S DEPARTMENT AND REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE L.C.C.: During the Second World War the building suffered great damage by bombing, and it has now been decided to preserve the fabric of the arcades and centrepiece of the south front and the ground floor of the east wing. This will be done at an estimated cost of £15,000. Holland House dates from 1607 and was built by John Thorpe. It can still be seen that it was a stately piece of Jacobean architecture, though, strangely enough, Sir Walter Scott could find nothing better to say about it than that "it resembles many respectable matrons who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age the air of dignity." Holland House was built for Sir Walter Cope, purchaser of the manor into which the original Manor of Kensington had been sub-divided, and the wings and arcades were added for the husband of his daughter and heiress, Sir Henry Rich, afterwards Lord Kensington. He became Earl of Holland, and this Royalist suffered execution in 1649, in the same year as Charles I. After this, General Fairfax entered into occupation, but the house was given back to the Countess of Holland and her children after the Restoration.

HOLLAND HOUSE, CENTREPIECE FOR LONDON'S NEW PARK

The Favourite Resort of Wits and Beauties in Eighteenth-Century Days Has Now Been Acquired by the London County Council and is Being Laid Out as a Handsome New Park

Written and Illustrated by Barbara Jones

The time is coming when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek amidst new streets and squares and railway stations for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers and statesmen." Thus wrote Lord Macaulay regarding Holland House in an essay on Lord Holland, but the gloomy prediction made in 1841 has not come true, and it is now as certain as anything can be certain that this part of London will never be built over, as it has passed into the hands of the London County Council, and there on the western slopes beyond Campden Hill is being laid out a fine new park for the delight of Londoners, a resort which will have as its centrepiece the arcading of the south front of the famous mansion, the more dilapidated portions of which are to be demolished. Thus in the new Holland Park, the memory of the ancient Holland House will be kept evergreen; and it is well that it is so, for the Holland House Circle was in its day very much a part of the cultural life of the great Metropolis. Holland House and grounds were formally handed over to the L.C.C. in June 1952. At the end of that year it was decided to spend £15,000 on preserving special architectural and historic features of the house, and meanwhile work went ahead on the lay-out of the first portion of the grounds, the 54 acres of which were acquired at a cost of £250,000. In the following article Barbara Jones describes aspects of the history of the famous mansion, and drawings made during a recent visit to the grounds accompany the text.

THE map of London is scattered all over with green patches; the parks and playing-fields and cemeteries. When one has nothing to do on a fine Saturday afternoon it is very agreeable to pick out a new park patch and go to see it. At the outbreak of war only one sizeable patch resisted us: Holland House, still in private hands, the woods still full of game, the last country house in London. Photographs in the architectural books showed a large Jacobean building; we could read Lord Ilchester's two books about his home and family, and see a pair of wrought-iron gates facing the top of the Earl's Court Road, but that was all. Then during the war the house was hit by a bomb and gutted by fire. In 1951 the London County Council bought the park from Lord Ilchester, and another large green patch is safe—unless golf were to fall suddenly out of favour and the clubs sell out, we have little likelihood of many more.

The history of Holland House is a remarkably full and fascinating one; Lord Ilchester's books are large ones, and beyond them are links with other histories. It is a long story, starting with Sir Walter Cope, Chamberlain of the Exchequer and Keeper of Hyde Park, who created a fine fat estate for himself by a trick now, alas, impossible, called "reassembling sub-manors." In about 1605 he started Cope Castle on the site, built at least in part by John Thorpe. Cope's daughter married Henry Rich, who was made Earl of Holland in 1624, and contrived to save his estates when he was beheaded in 1649. In 1716, Charlotte, widow of the third Lord Holland, married Joseph Addison, who lived at Holland House for the rest of his life, complaining that there was only one compensation, the size of the library, over 100 ft. long. He had a bottle of sherry at one end and another bottle at the other: a glass just lasted the stroll between them.

The property then passed to a grandson of the 2nd Earl and was let a number of times until 1746, when Henry Fox took a lease and subsequently bought it. Two years before, he had made a runaway marriage with the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and he subsequently did well in politics (Secretary of War, Leader of the House of Commons), but not quite well enough, for though his wife was made Baroness Holland

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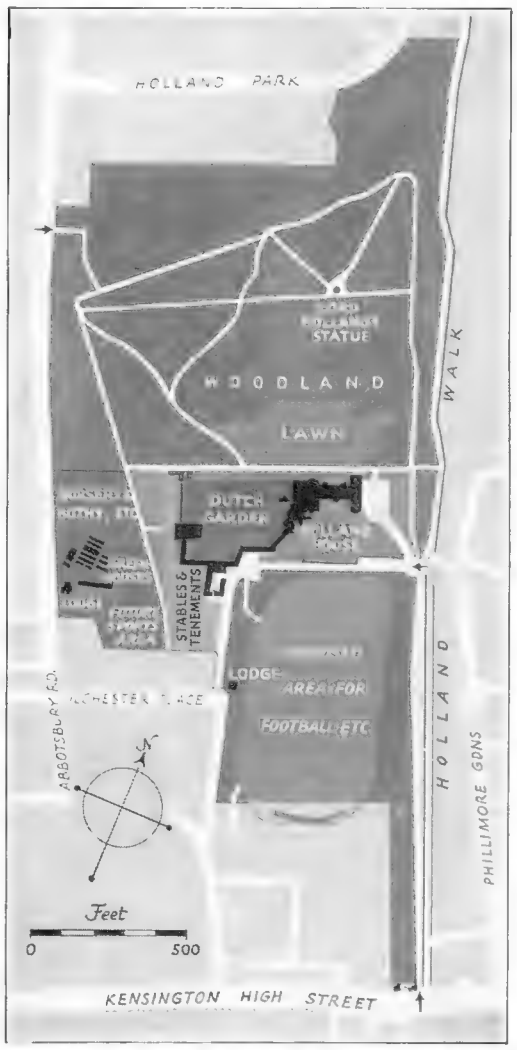
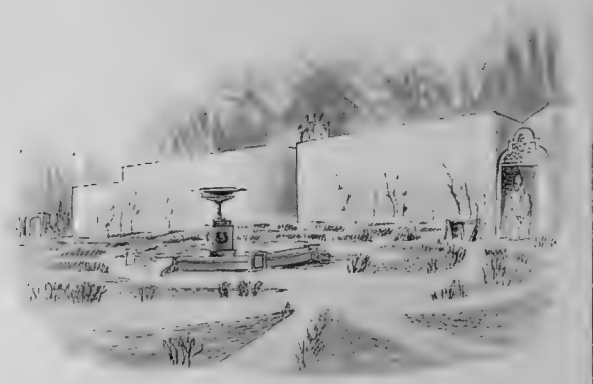


SKETCH MAP OF HOLLAND HOUSE ESTATE, TO BE KNOWN AS HOLLAND PARK, LYING BETWEEN KENSINGTON HIGH STREET AND HOLLAND PARK ROAD.

HOLLAND HOUSE: Centrepiece for London's New Park

A HINT OF OLD-WORLD CHARM AMID THE DILAPIDATION OF HOLLAND HOUSE: This is an interior view of the hall above the old ballroom of the mansion which is to be in part demolished and in part preserved by the London County Council. In the corner is a decorative iron stand for plants, topped by a bird-cage with a gilded dome. A drawing of it appears on the next page.



THE DUTCH GARDEN AT HOLLAND HOUSE: This was previously called the Portuguese Garden, and was laid out in 1812. Byron, Wilberforce, Talleyrand and Lord Macaulay were among the brilliant men who walked and talked in these gardens in the spacious days.

LOOKING ACROSS THE DUTCH GARDEN TOWARDS THE DILAPIDATED WEST WING OF THE MANSION: It will be seen that the west block is roofless, and a part of the outer wall has been removed by bombing.

THE ARCADING INSIDE THE EAST WING: This is part of the structure which will be preserved along the south front under the scheme undertaken by the L.C.C.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

in 1762 and he himself Baron Holland a year later, what he really wanted was the earldom re-created. Failure drove him to build a fascinating series of flint follies in Kent, including a heavily turreted sham castle for stables. Meanwhile, Holland House stayed much as before.

It was Lord Holland's grandson, nephew of Charles James Fox and third Lord Holland, who, with his wife, restored and partly rebuilt the house, making it a great meeting-place of the Whigs and that curious phenomenon, a salon; those skilled in the evocation of shadowy figures in inaccurate period costume may safely imagine in the house and park all the great Whig sympathisers of the day, the wits and the poets, Sydney Smith, Washington Irving, Thomas Moore, Samuel Rogers, an endless flow of hospitality until 1822, when the family moved to Old Burlington Street to economise for a few months, after which they went back to Holland House and the dinners began again—the dinner-books were preserved. Napoleon left Lady Holland a snuffbox; her daughter Mary became a great beauty; Lord Holland, a poor shot, persevered at Ampthill, their other estate, until he was able to send Lady Holland a hen pheasant, his first trophy. The house was ruled by an enormous cat—Lord Brougham had to defend himself with snuff; Nollekens omitted to leave the family any money; Charles Fox married a daughter of the Duke of Clarence.

In 1823 the family went to London and then to Brighton while the house was repaired; "nearly the whole front wall, even to the turrets, has been taken down and is rebuilding," wrote Lord Holland. Then the names in the dinner-books go on, the Duc d'Orleans, Talleyrand, Wordsworth, Macaulay, William IV; Dickens refuses for Monday, because he is finishing *Chuzzlewit*; the amazing hospitality flows on, financed in part by the development since 1824 on Addison Road and Uxbridge Road; Prince Albert pays a morning visit, Miss Fox visited Charles James Fox's widow at St. Anne's Hill by train in 1840, and then in the same year Lord Holland died and the big dinners were over, though Lady Holland continued with small ones; it was remarked that they were still cheerful. She herself died in 1845.

The fourth Lord Holland was a diplomat, and he and his wife had spent many years in Italy, where they met Watts: at that time he was painting rather well and made several admirable portraits of Lady Holland. The entertaining went on; there is a new series of dinner-books—Thackeray, Jerome Bonaparte—and in 1847 alterations to the house were started. The two old staircases were inconvenient and unimpressive, so a room in the east wing was taken for a new one and also part of the arcading of that wing, glazed over. Lodges were built on the High Street flanking the gates. By 1850 the conservatory and Garden Ballroom (converted from the granary of the old stables) were in use, and seven or eight years later the causeway to the house was built. The Hollands, nevertheless, spent a lot of time in Italy, returning for a visit to the Great Exhibition. In the '50's the house and its hospitality again reached a peak of fame and splendour, but in 1859 Lord Holland died in Italy, and his widow remained there till the next year, but soon the parties started again: garden parties were a new fashion—900 and more than 1,000 guests were recorded for two at Holland House. All this, and careless management, got the estate into difficulties, and in 1873 Lady Holland made it over to the heir, Lord Ilchester, though she continued to live there while plans were made to develop part of the land; a number of painters and architects leased most of it and Melbury Road has a splendid group of their houses, Watts at No. 6, Marcus Stone at No. 8, designed by Norman Shaw, Burgess's own house at No. 9, Norman Shaw again for Luke Fildes at No. 11. Lord Leighton's amazing house went up in Holland Park Road. Lady Holland was most upset; they were visible. Nevertheless, the garden parties, diminished went on for some years. In 1889 Lady Holland died.

Lord and Lady Ilchester discontinued the dinner-books, but there were still garden parties, and now lawn tennis and masked balls. The present Lord Ilchester inherited in 1905.

To-day the grounds have a wintry atmosphere the wooded park already open to the public has th melancholy of any London park at this time of year but inside the paling that encloses the gardens and th ruins of the house, the air is half a small Versailles and half the Crystal Palace.

Versailles lies in the remarkable series of low arcades built in the '50's that connect the house with the stables some distance off and continue past them to the ball-room. These are open to the south, walled in on the north and make a covered walk for wet weather, while the flat roofs make another, higher, walk for the sun again sheltered with a 6-ft. wall against the north wind and protected by a low balustrade on the other side. The top of the wall is decorated with panels of tiles painted with crests, but the bottom of it, under the arcades, is tiled with lattices covered in grapes and, in one corner, with the most charming blue and pink birds. Carts are tilted under the shelter, and half-way from the house there are the stable yard, coach houses and a carpenter's shop with a conical roof like a bee skep. After this the arcade or causeway loses its hameau air and goes on higher arches, open now on both sides to turn at last into the remains of the conservatory

HOLLAND HOUSE: THE SOUTH FRONT TO-DAY—THE MANSION IN ITS RUINED STATE, A VICTIM OF BOMB DAMAGE AND THE DETERIORATION OF THE YEARS: The centre block of the main buildings is roofless and almost derelict internally, but the south front, depicted here, may be fairly sound up to the middle of the first floor, and it is capable of restoration. The east wing is roofed, although much of the lead has been removed and water has got in. The west block is roofless and very badly affected by dry-rot, making restoration difficult and costly. The fabric of the arcades and centrepiece of the south front is to be preserved.

A COVERED WALK TO THE CONSERVATORIES ON THE WEST OF THE ESTATE: In the background is the West Tower, which housed the ballroom.

A NICHE IN THE DUTCH GARDEN: A sadly dilapidated figure.

THE STONE GATEWAY BUILT BY NICHOLAS STONE IN 1629: It belongs to one of the oldest parts of the Holland House estate.

The round arches and the walls are lined with lattice work and outside are the pipes and iron grilles of the heating system, where glass enclosed long aisles on both sides. On the west side, now unprotected, are large camellias, about to flower. At the far end is the ballroom, with a platform for an orchestra, a nineteenth-century addition to the amenities, in the Italian style and about 30 ft. square, and here is the Crystal Palace, for all the chipped statues from the gardens are gathered here, wooden seats, huge mirrors and a lovely Italian ice-cream barrow, gilded baroque and painted mirrors. Moorish windows open into other rooms, and above, reached also by the high-level arcade walk, is a room whose windows were once filled with stained glass. In one corner stands a huge wire plant stand surmounted by a bird-cage and a dome. In another corner a stair rises to a prospect tower.

Beyond the ballroom an open, single series of arches covered with ivy (probably the remains of the seventeenth-century stables) forms an end to the formal garden that runs down from the house. Here there are fountains, box parterres, a statue or so, and three alcoves for the sun.

THE BIRD-CAGE WITH ITS GILDED DOME SURMOUNTING THE PLANT STAND: This decorative feature is in the Garden Ballroom of Holland House. At first glance it bears the Emett hall-mark.

At the end of the wall we are back at the house; arcades, that sensible and persistent feature, run along the insides of the wings, surmounted by typical Jacobean stone crochet-work, fleurs-de-lys. The pretty porch, with its octangular ogee cupola, is badly damaged. An 1847 wall, set with great panels of pale terra-cotta tiles, runs east from the house, and in the middle of this is a pair of most lovely gate piers by Nicholas Stone, 1629, with niches, pediments and supporters on top, happily barely damaged. On the opposite side of the house the causeway arcades start, and here also several curious terraces and verandahs at different levels, one entirely inaccessible, overlook and lead down to the formal garden and the box parterres.

Beyond the garden wall is the park, quiet in the morning, busy with perambulators in the afternoon, already neatly fenced where necessary and already well looked after. Holland House is badly ruined, most of the roofs gone and dry-rot well under way. The interior of the house used to be very splendid, especially the Gilt Room above the entrance hall. This was panelled, carved, gilded and painted, a rich and glowing room with a magnificent plaster ceiling. All this has gone, burnt out; most of the interior is derelict, but most of it had been exceedingly heavily restored; very little of the splendour was original, and even if huge sums could be found to replace it all, we should only have a restoration restored.

As it is, the L.C.C. will be able to preserve all the prettiest pieces of the house, the arcades, the ground floor of the east wing (Thorpe's work), and the whole central feature of the south front. The stone gate, the causeways, orangery, and ballroom buildings will all remain, and we shall lose only the ruined (never very exciting) north front and the purely nineteenth-century west wing. Who can complain at that? Holland House was a legend; it was the last country house in London, it had a fabulous list of famous visitors and "Jacobean" is almost "Elizabethan" in its Merrie Englandry. All this remains; the stories have been safely recorded by Lord Ilchester, and all the glamour and the best bits of the house are still with us. Certainly we are now all able to see that this legend can never really have been one of the best houses of its period, that it was, in fact, rather a disappointing building, but against that we shall have a charming remnant standing in a really beautiful park, safe for sure even if Campden Hill goes. Most Londoners devoutly hope that Campden Hill will be reprieved—once gone, nothing can ever recall a lost beauty, and London needs all the beauties she can create or cling to, even if we have to call them "amenities" or "lungs," and pretend that they are like drains, only there for hygiene.

THE QUIETUDE OF HADLEY GREEN THROUGH WHICH THE HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IS PLANNING TO PUSH A NEW BY-PASS ROAD AT A COST OF £250,000 TO RELIEVE CONGESTION IN BARNET TOWN CENTRE: The road will pass through the centre of the houses on the right, and the plan is now being hotly contested by the newly-formed Hadley Preservation Society. It was on Hadley Green that the Earl of Warwick was defeated and slain by Edward IV in the Battle of Barnet, and a monument on the spot commemorates the historic event. This common land, with its pond, trees and quaint old houses, is bound to be considerably affected by the by-pass scheme.

THE BATTLE OF BARNET BY-PASS

The Plan to Build a New Road on Hadley Green, Site of the Famous Battle of Barnet, has Caused a Storm of Local Protest

PYMLICO HOUSE, ON HADLEY GREEN: This was built in the fifteenth century as a House of Prayer in memory of those killed in the Battle of Barnet. The new by-pass road will go through the left-hand part of this house and through the garden. It is the residence of seventy-two-year-old Mrs. Hilda Nunn.

A HISTORY IN STONE ON HADLEY GREEN: *Left*—Ossulton House, a fourteen-roomed mansion standing beside two smaller homes on the Green. The new by-pass road will be to the left of these houses. Ossulton House, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Pardoe, formerly belonged to Thackeray. It is designated as an ancient monument. *Right*—The tall stone monument on Hadley Green which marks the spot where the Earl of Warwick was slain at the Battle of Barnet.

The Battle of Barnet was fought on April 14, 1471, between the Yorkists under Edward of York, afterwards Edward IV, on the one hand, and the Lancastrians under Warwick the King-maker on the other; it was fought on Easter Day and it was fought in a fog, and it resulted in Edward being placed firmly upon the throne of England.

The modern-day Battle of Barnet, centring round the area where an obelisk marks the site of the first battle, is not quite such a simple affair. It has the aspect of a free-for-all in which the Hertfordshire County Council and the Hadley Green Preservation Society are the chief protagonists; but Barnet Council are in the lists as well, not to mention a whole host of private citizens who are skirmishing in the wings.

The argument centres round the fact that Herts County Council want to make a new by-pass road to take some of the weight of traffic from the heart of Barnet. They say the proposed slip road will cross historic Hadley Green, site of the Battle of Barnet, at the southern end and will not affect the amenities of the area as much as is feared.

Hadley Preservation Society declare that the rural aspect of Hadley Green will be ruined. The whole problem could be solved easily, they say, if the Minister used his powers to divert all heavy traffic to and from the North and the Midlands on to the existing Barnet and Hatfield by-passes. Herts C.C. reply by saying that these highways are intended as arteries for heavy traffic from and to the west side of London only.

Hadley Green Preservation Society, returning to the charge, declares that the new scheme would mean continued congestion in the busy centres of Finchley and Whetstone, through which heavy traffic still has to pass. That is a matter for Middlesex C.C., says Herts C.C., and so the battle goes on, with Barnet Council, at the time of writing, threatening to bring up reinforcements.

The End of DENHAM

THE FAMOUS FILM STUDIOS ARE CLOSED AND THE STUDIO PROPS ARE AUCTIONED OFF

In 1935 the quiet village of Denham, in Buckinghamshire, became almost overnight one of the world's great film cities, and in the years since then the Denham studios have produced some of the world's outstanding pictures. Now the 164 acres once given over to the film business are idle, and the 1,500 men and women who worked there have moved elsewhere or are possibly out of employment.

Last week in Studio 5, at Denham, the studio where Olivier made his magnificent film version of *Hamlet*, a firm of auctioneers began the task of selling the Denham props and furnishings. It was certainly a day of mourning for the film industry.

To-day British film production still goes on. The Rank organisation, which once worked at Denham, is now concentrating at Pinewood, but the number of films produced is between fifteen and seventeen a year at Pinewood and the cost of each film has been heavily cut in order to meet the needs of the times.

Gone are the days when such lavish productions as *Cæsar and Cleopatra* can be entered upon, and although some people may breathe a sigh of relief, for occasionally the Denham films were more lavish than was necessary, the present impoverished state of the industry is cause for deep concern.

NO. 5 SOUND STAGE AT THE DENHAM STUDIOS IS THE MAIN AUCTION ROOM: Here, in 3,458 lots, the studio and the office equipment have been up for sale, and the celebrated Denham Studios, built by Korda in the '30's, will soon become a depot for American Servicemen stationed at Ruislip and Uxbridge. It was on this stage that scenes in the film version of *Hamlet* were shot.

ROMAN AND EGYPTIAN PLASTER FIGURES UP FOR SALE: They were probably used as props in the film *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, one of the most costly and elaborate colour productions ever made in the heyday of Denham.

LOTS DESTINED FOR AUCTION: Doing the checking is Dixie Maher, and he is leaning on one of the stand-in rests, which are much appreciated by actresses spending hours on the set.

THE AUCTION IN PROGRESS: A representative of Goddard Davison and Smith calling for bids. It was a well-attended auction on most days, but a melancholy spectacle for all that, connoting the passing of an era.

STAGE COACHES, COVERED WAGONS AND WHEEL CHAIRS MADE READY FOR AUCTION: All of these vehicles have appeared in films, rolling across the prairies, carrying elegant ladies through the town, or bowling down the roads of Georgian England.

ROYAL HOLIDAY HOMES in NEW ZEALAND

Where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Will Rest During Their Tour

A tour of New Zealand and Australia was originally planned by the late King George VI and the Queen Mother, who were to have been accompanied by Princess Margaret. This would have been a first visit by a reigning sovereign to these Dominions. The arrangements were, however, abandoned in October, 1951, owing to the King's illness, and it was subsequently decided that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh should carry out the tour instead. Again, however, the tour had to be abandoned, this time when it had actually begun, the Royal tourists having reached Kenya when the news of the King's death became known.

Now, in Coronation year, the tour is to go forward. In December the Queen and the Duke will set out for New Zealand, where they will spend the greater part of January visiting the North and South Islands. On both islands they will enjoy a brief respite from their labours at the holiday homes which have been placed at their disposal—Longbeach, in the South Island, and Moose Lodge, in the North Island. Longbeach is essentially an English country residence, the only difference being that it is set in a 3,000-acre estate in typically New Zealand country, while Moose Lodge, with its glorious lakeside setting, belongs essentially to the thermal country round Rotorua, that wonderland lying half a day's journey to the south of Auckland.

LONGBEACH, A STATELY HOME IN MID CANTERBURY, IN THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND: Here the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay in January, 1954, when they have a two-days rest period in the midst of their New Zealand tour. Longbeach is the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grigg and is set amid several acres of trees and shrubs.

A RIGHT ROYAL VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE OF ROTOITI, IN THE NORTH ISLAND: This is the view that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will see when they look out from Moose Lodge across Lake Rotoiti, when they stay at the lodge during one of the breaks in their arduous New Zealand tour.

A MAORI EATING-HOUSE ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ROTOITI: The Kai is used for barbecues by guests at Moose Lodge, and will be visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in the course of their stay in the Rotorua area. The owners of Moose Lodge are Mr. and Mrs. H. Cole.

THE ROYAL QUARTERS AT LONGBEACH, MID CANTERBURY: *Left*—This is the bedroom which will be occupied by the Queen when she goes to stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grigg on their 3,000-acre estate in the South Island. *Right*—The lounge at Longbeach. It looks out across a broad sweep of lawn on to an artificial lake which, during the shooting season, is the home of countless wild duck. Everything about the interior of Longbeach is typically English.

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CLIFF AT BELTINGE, NEAR HERNE BAY, KENT: This is the state of the north Kentish coast, where the local residents are concerned with the erosion which is eating its way inland at an alarming rate.

Erosion and Flood on the Kent Coast

The Subsiding Cliff at Beltinge, Near Herne Bay; and the Aftermath of the Great Flood

Along the Kent coast, where much of the land has been subjected to the swirling waters of the great flood, erosion has again taken place and whole cliffs have subsided to sea-level. At Beltinge, near the holiday town of Herne Bay, a cliff path has dropped 100 ft., while gardens and a bowling-green, once on top of the cliff, are now at sea-level. The whole cliff has just subsided, leaving a wall and flowering plants still standing in an upright condition. A local resident, Mr. B. Thom, who lives in a cottage which he bought four months ago and which is now on the brink of the canyon, says "It is just as if this beautiful piece of Kent was in a lift which somebody suddenly decided to take down to the ground floor." At the bottom of the valley, clearly visible from above but out of reach because no one knows when the downward movement will cease, are things which were in use until a few days ago. Meanwhile in Lismore Street, families have had to leave their homes, which in some cases now stand high above the sunken gardens.

A FEW DAYS AGO THIS PATH LED TO THE MIRAMAR HOTEL: A part of the hotel's garden has also subsided, but a wall and a bed of wallflowers still remain intact, even though the ground has dropped several feet.

AFTER THE FLOOD-WATERS HAD RECEDED: *Left*—A goods train passing over the lines of the oldest railway in England, which was brought into use after the main line from Whitstable to London had been put out of action by the floods. The railway running from Canterbury to Whitstable, which was recently permanently closed, was reopened to carry supplies to the coast. *Right*—Workmen are seen preparing the foundations for the new sea-wall at Reculver, where the water poured through at the beginning of February. In the background are the famous Reculver Towers, which have stood firm since the seventh century, and which were undamaged by the floods. The towers now form a landmark for mariners. They were saved by Trinity House after the church was demolished in 1805.

AN ASSAULT COURSE FOR CORONATION DAY HORSES : While troops wave flags and beat on tins, horses which will be ridden in the Coronation procession are taken through the din in order to accustom themselves to the noises of the great day when they will pass through mile upon mile of cheering crowds. Altogether forty Household Cavalry horses are undergoing this strict training at Windsor. *On left*— A SERGEANT HAS DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS MOUNT : The horse is not anxious to face the lane of troops, and it attempts to turn away. After a time all but the most nervous animals become accustomed to the uproar, realising that it can bring them no harm. After this most rigorous training there are likely to be few, if any, incidents among the Household Cavalry horses which go through London with the newly-crowned Queen.

CORONATION PRELUDES

PREPARING MEN, MOUNTS AND EQUIPMENT FOR THE GREAT DAY OF CEREMONIAL

SOUVENIRS REACH THE MARKET

THE QUEEN IN CORONATION ROBES IN TWO SOUVENIR MINIATURES : On the left is a hand-made figure designed by I. and R. Ottenberg, of Derby, and on the right is another miniature showing the Queen holding Orb and Sceptre. They are part of the collection of nearly 1,000 Coronation souvenirs chosen by the Coronation Souvenirs Committee of the Council of Industrial Design and now on exhibition at London's Tea Centre.

THE CORONATION SOUVENIRS PRODUCED BY THE CELEBRATED POTTERY FIRM OF WEDGWOOD AND NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THEIR LONDON SHOWROOMS : In the background are three pint mugs, the designs of Richard Guyatt and Eric Ravilious. In front of these are two half-pint Queensware mugs, a sugar-box, a teapot, a jug and a Queensware jug. Other items on display are a cigarette-box, a bon-bon box, a heart-shaped box in pale-blue jasper and an ashtray in Queensware. Altogether twenty-eight items are on display.

PREPARING CEREMONIAL EQUIPMENT FOR THE CORONATION: Girl employees of a London firm working at their embroidery tables as they make various articles which will be used in the Coronation celebrations. The girl in the foreground is engaged in embroidering the Royal Arms, and another girl is seen holding a completed work.

On right—

MAKING BEARSKINS FOR THE CEREMONIAL OF CORONATION YEAR: This eighty-five-year-old craftsman, Mr. Benjamin Goodman, appears to be working on lobster-pots, but actually he is making the framework for the bearskins for the men of the Brigade of Guards, many of whom will be newly-equipped during Coronation year. Messrs. Silbertson, of Hackney, are making hundreds of bearskins. Mr. Goodman has seen four Coronations and has been employed by Silbertson's for forty years.

THE QUEEN'S CYPHER, E.R. II, BEING FIXED TO THE CEREMONIAL COAT OF A TRUMPETER OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: A woman fitter engaged on Coronation preparations in the workrooms of a London firm. On the right of the picture is the full-dress tunic of a lieutenant-colonel of the Irish Guards, and on the left is the shabracque, or saddle-cloth, of the Household Cavalry, which lends such colour to the ceremonial scene.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

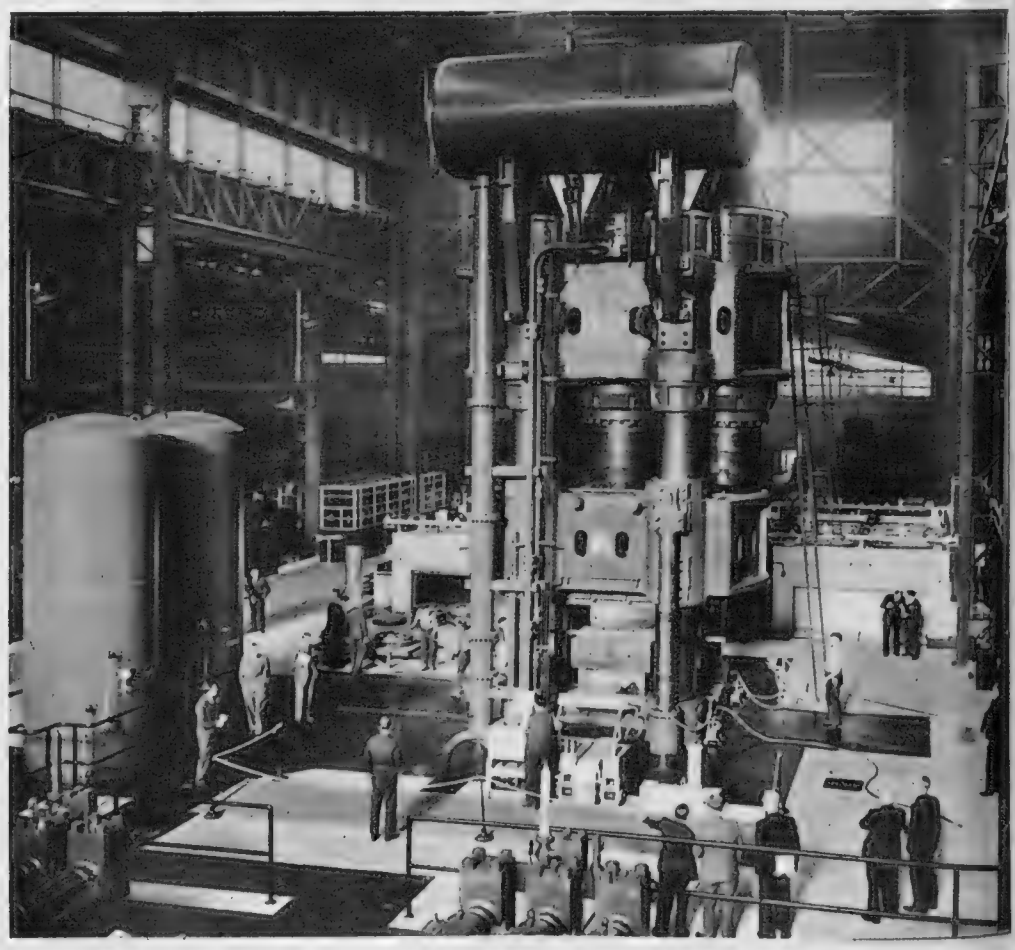
The Third Investiture of 1953; a Dior Fashion-Salon in London; a New Forging Press at Redditch; seeking a London Landing Ground for Helicopters; Shakespeare at the Old Vic and in the City

SOME OF THE 260 MEN AND WOMEN WHO RECEIVED AWARDS FROM THE QUEEN AT THE THIRD INVESTITURE OF THE YEAR, WAITING TO ENTER BUCKINGHAM PALACE: With relatives and friends the recipients watch the changing of the guard outside the Palace before the Investiture took place. Most of the awards at this Investiture were included in the New Year Honours List. The Queen bestowed the accolade on Vice-Admiral Charles Lambe, C.-in-C. Far East Station, and invested him with the insignia of a K.C.B.

A VISIT BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, TO THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS AT COLCHESTER: Sergeant J. Callan, of Castlebar, County Mayo, explaining the working of a bazooka to the Duke. The 2nd Battalion is leaving this country to join the Middle East Land Forces, but their exact destination has not been made known.

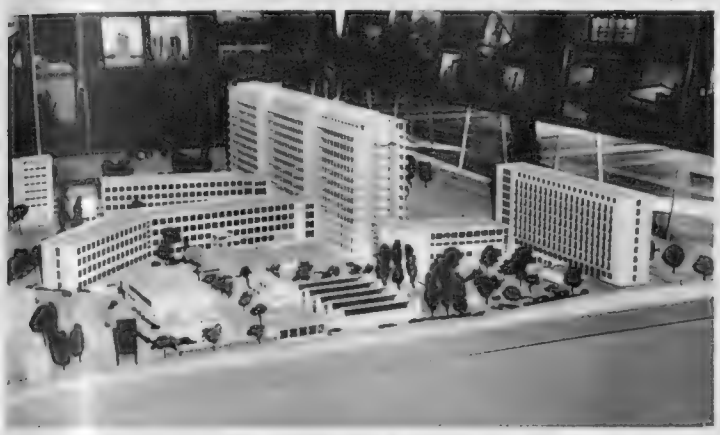
A GEOLOGY LESSON ON THE SHORES OF LOCH MORLICH, IN THE CAIRNGORMS: Mr. R. Murray, a school-teacher, is explaining the effect of wind erosion on the roots of a 200-year-old Scots pine. His attentive pupils are some of a group of forty Glasgow schoolgirls who are attending a one-month course of character-building at Glenmore Lodge, Aviemore, Inverness-shire. The course is part of the Glasgow School Welfare Department's scheme of residential education in the Cairngorms.

MADAME RENÉ MASSIGLI, THE WIFE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, OPENING THE NEW "DIOR" SALON AT THE GALERIES LAFAYETTE, IN REGENT STREET: Looking on as Mme. Massigli cuts the tape are M. Nonin (extreme left), the London manager of Galeries Lafayette, M. Raoul Meyer (second from left), the President of the store, and M. Jacques Chaftel, Christian Dior's manager in Paris. The Salon was opened to sell the French designer's English-made fashions.



THE MIGHT OF MODERN INDUSTRY—THE NEW 12,000-TON PRESS OF HIGH DUTY ALLOYS, LTD., AT REDDITCH: This huge machine, which will be used for large light alloy forgings in aircraft construction, was recently demonstrated to members of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. "Goliath," as the forging press is familiarly known, has a height of more than 56 ft. and weighs 800 tons. It is designed to give working pressures of 4,000, 8,000 and 12,000 tons, and to supply it with material there are three 30-ft. gas-fired furnaces.

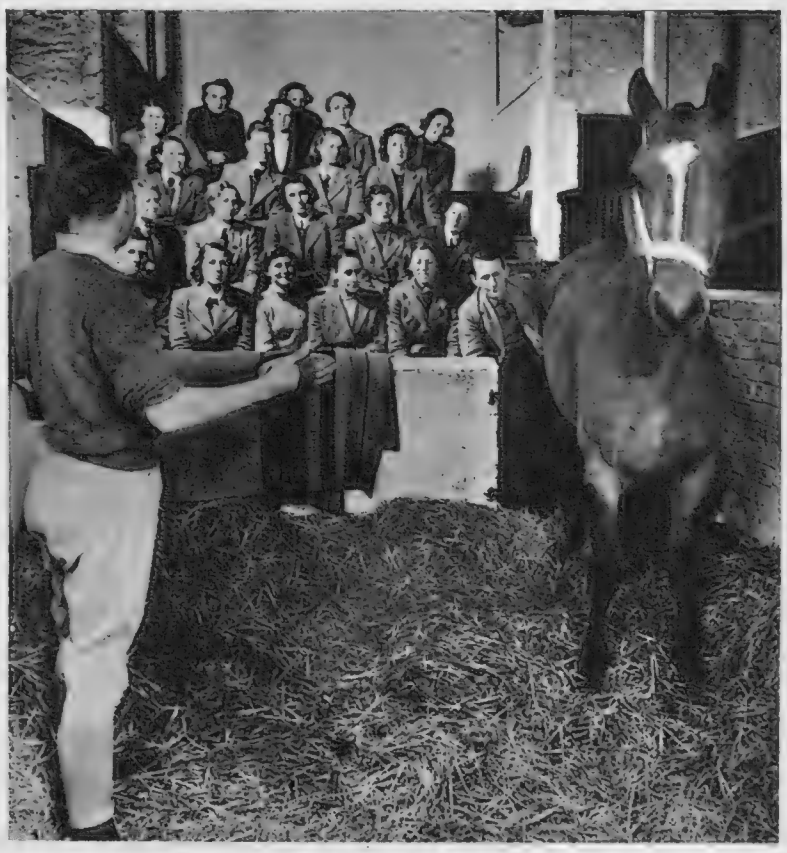
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR RUPERT DE LA BERE (ON LEFT), AND THE LADY MAYORESS ARE SHOWN A MODEL OF THE MERMAID THEATRE BY BERNARD MILES AT THE MANSION HOUSE: Last week the Lord Mayor invited the City Patrons of the Mermaid Theatre to meet the Artistic Patrons at the Mansion House. The theatre is to present a series of Elizabethan plays and music at the Royal Exchange during the Coronation season, beginning on May 4 and continuing until July 25. Plays by Jonson and Shakespeare will be the mainstay of the programme but there will also be a performance of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*. A series of lunch-time concerts by the City Music Society has also been arranged. The temporary residence of the Mermaid Theatre at the Royal Exchange will make it the first theatre inside the City boundaries for more than 200 years.



ONE OF THE MODELS AT THE EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS IN PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON: This is a model of the Dijkzigt Hospital at Rotterdam, which was designed by A. Viergever and which is now under construction. A point of interest about this model is that it is equipped with periscopic devices which allow the visitor to view the building as if at eye-level. The exhibition, which was opened by the Netherlands Ambassador, Dr. Dirk Stikker, shows, almost entirely, buildings that have been built since the war or that are now under construction. A section of the exhibition which has become of special interest since the display was planned is entitled "The Struggle Against Water."

A HELICOPTER LOOKING FOR A HOME IN LONDON: It was carrying as passengers Mr. John Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, and Mr. I. J. Hayward, leader of the London County Council, who were inspecting from the air possible sites for a helicopter landing-ground in the centre of London. This picture shows the machine above the South Bank with Waterloo Station on the left. Mr. Profumo thought that if the problem of noise disturbing workers in nearby offices could be overcome, the South Bank would be the best site for the landing-ground. Mr. Hayward, however, ruled out this possibility. "Between County Hall and Waterloo Bridge," he said, "we plan to have a national theatre, an hotel, an air terminus and a Government international conference and hospitality centre."

ANOTHER SUCCESS AT THE OLD VIC—MR. HUGH HUNT'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CÆSAR": Cæsar, played by Douglas Campbell, is making his way through Rome escorted by Brutus (William Devlin) and Portia (Helen Cherry). Douglas Campbell doubles his role of the mature Cæsar with that of the young Octavius. In the last Act the scene of strife and of reunion between Brutus and Cassius is admirably portrayed, and there is a sense at once of the turmoil within the mind of Cassius and the essential serenity of Brutus.



STUDENTS AT THE PORLOCK VALE RIDING SCHOOL, IN SOMERSET, ATTENDING A LECTURE-DEMONSTRATION ON GROOMING: Good horsemanship should include more than good riding, and these young students were taking advantage of a course in all aspects of the subject. The course was sponsored by the British Horse Society in co-operation with the Central Council for Physical Recreation, which is a voluntary body concerned with sport for persons who are over school-leaving age.

A BOLD VENTURE AT THE ABBEY

A Glimpse at the Long History of Our National Shrine at Westminster, the Coronation Church, which is Now in Need of Help

By JOHN GORE

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is not the oldest of our national shrines, but among them all stands without a rival as first in importance throughout the Commonwealth. We know a good deal about it; it is part of our primary education to do so. But human memory is short, and even vital dates and events in English history are apt to be confused as we grow older. Even middle-aged men regarded, at least by their acquaintances, as "educated" need constant refresher courses in general knowledge; and the Christmas holiday puzzles and "papers" set us by the Press are a good proof of this.

There is no more apt occasion than to-day for a "refresher" on Abbey history, now on the eve of another Coronation and in the first weeks of the national appeal for £1,000,000 for restoration and maintenance work. The exercise is not altruistic. I am killing two birds with one stone. I am the first beneficiary of my researches, and those researches are by no means pioneering work. But many of the great handbooks on the Abbey are expensive or out of print, and many more require summarising. There are two main reasons why the Abbey has so long held pride of place as our national shrine. It is the Church of the Monarchy. It is the Coronation Church. For a long period it was also the burial place of our kings. Both these reasons are in a sense fortuitous. Legend says that Harold chose to be crowned there in January 1066. History records that on December 25 in the same year William I was crowned there, of set policy. It was the Church of the Confessor, on whose former promises William based his claim to our Throne. From that day to this, the Abbey has been the place of Coronation. Every single sovereign on the roll of history has been crowned there, if crowned at all. The only two exceptions are the fifth and eighth Edwards.

Fabric on Fabric.—But of course the great fabric at which we gaze up from our bus or from the street or from the aisles is not the church which saw the first Coronation. It is the third or fourth edition. We know that a church dedicated to St. Peter stood on this marshy site in the eighth century. It may have replaced one built a century earlier. In 616 Mellitus, first Bishop of London, dedicated such a church (with the miraculous presence of St. Peter himself to encourage him, according to a legend current in A.D. 1100).

Of that fabric nothing remains to-day, at any rate above ground. The next church to be built on the site was the great Church of Edward the Confessor who, during the 1040's, planned and began to build an Abbey Church on the lines of Jumièges, in Normandy. It is said (without certainty) that, before he died in 1065, he finished the building in entirety. But of his building no single stone remains to be seen above ground, only fragments of foundations and pier bases have been unearthed.

The Confessor's Church remained unaltered for only about 150 years. The great Abbey of to-day is largely the work of our earliest King-builder, Henry III. He began it in 1245, pulling down first the east side of the Confessor's Church and replacing it with ideas borrowed from Rheims, gradually to dovetail in with the Confessor's western section. One hundred and thirty years later, Richard II had removed the last vestiges of the older, Norman church and completed the whole of Henry's design in brilliant imitation of the earlier section.

Then the work went on spasmodically for centuries. It took, from first to last, nearly three centuries to complete the nave. Only choir and transepts were complete (as we see them) before 1270. Henry VII's Chapel was begun in 1503; the western towers are the work of the eighteenth century.

We must accept the unpalatable truth that only inside can we appreciate fully the craftsmanship of Henry III's builders. Outside, the work of restorers from the seventeenth to the twentieth century has given us a not always faithful copy of what they built. But inside it is another and more wonderful and glorious story.

The atmosphere of London had played havoc with the external fabric, as to-day it is doing almost as grievously with the interior. The eastern half of the great Abbey, first to be built, is comprised of a congeries of Chapels, with Edward the Confessor's standing as an island in the centre, and Henry VII's completing the narrowing and extreme east end. It is this last famous, unique building which gives the Abbey its claim to be the Church of the Monarchy, for in its precincts lie the bones of a majority of our sovereigns, from Henry VII to George II.

Edward VI lies near the High Altar; Mary and Elizabeth together in the North Aisle; and near by James I and his family. Here, too, lie the supposed remains of the "Little Princes." Charles I was buried at Windsor, but Charles II lies in the South Aisle, with William and Mary beside him, and Anne. And George II and his Queen lie in the centre of the Aisle. The Henry VII Chapel contains the remains of many other notables on no very logical plan of selection. Addison is there, and his patron Halifax; Montpensier, Albemarle and two Buckinghams.

Henry VII did not live to see his glorious monument completed, but in his will, dated 1509, he left instructions in detail for its completion. The Confessor's Chapel, which stands behind and east of the High Altar of the Abbey, has for its centre the Confessor's shrine, erected by Henry III and richly decorated with gold and jewels; and here, too, are the tombs of British kings and queens.

Seven or eight other famous Chapels surround the Confessor's Chapel east and north of the High Altar, which is divided from the Nave by the Transepts, north and south, and the Choir, while east of the South Transept is the Poets' Corner, in the obscurity and congestion of literary fame. In these transepts and the Choir we walk within a fabric of the thirteenth century, complete and structurally little altered since then, and the northern entrance is the best approach to them.

Memories which Fade.—For my part, I essay the briefest summary of the Abbey's construction-history with special humility and diffidence. It is so easy to slip up, to give a false impression. A thousand years of history, some of it dim, is not easy to summarise, nor are the features of chief importance easy to select. Yet in my youth I had unrivalled opportunities to observe, to learn, to remember, at an age when the mind is receptive. For under the wing of an uncle, then Canon of Westminster, we were wont

A ROYAL PECULIAR: Westminster Abbey, where the Queen will be crowned, has a spirit of independence, for it comes under authority of no Archbishop or Bishop, but has the Sovereign as "Visitor."

for several years to issue from his charming house in Little Cloisters, to wander in the Abbey from monument to monument, chapel to chapel, not omitting the less familiar shows, such as the "wax-works," and, with his expert knowledge to help us, learn to appreciate the glories of ten centuries of British craftsmanship and history.

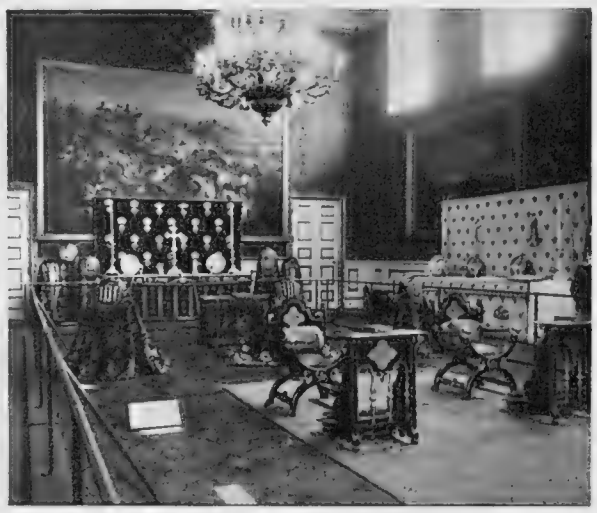
Despite many refresher visits through life, that harvest of youth is a jumble of unrelated bits and pieces and I have a far clearer recollection of my uncle's appearance and voice in the pulpit, as he preached his famous Lenten sermons in the reign of Edward VII, than of any features of art in the Chapel of Henry VII. And whenever I look at a plan of the Abbey, it comes before me as a map of a *terra incognita*, and I know I should be hard put to it to blank out from memory the roughest plan of the building and then to block in the positions of the principal features.

Yet fifty years ago I could have acted as guide to the simple-minded tourist all the way from Jerusalem Chamber to Henry VII's Chapel. There is about the map of a country a geological logic which is altogether absent from the plan of a great shrine like the Abbey, 700 years a-building and furnishing. No logical plan, at least until modern times, ever directed the selection of worthies or the position of their monuments, or the siting of chapels. The absentees are as remarkable as some of those present. The wall space allotted to mediocrity or obscurity is as remarkable as that to fame. Yet a lifetime is too short (as it is at Windsor Castle) to appreciate (let alone to notice) all the treasures of the Abbey, from the rarest gems, such as the Confessor's shrine, or that earliest of English portraits, Richard II in Coronation robes to the most popular features, such as the Coronation Chair and Stone, and down to the detail of seldom-observed carvings in stone and wood.

Treasures on Show at St. James's.—Some of these treasures may now be seen under far more favourable conditions for some weeks at St. James's Palace, and all who love the Abbey and are concerned with the urgent task of preserving it from further decay, should lose no time to see that rare exhibition.

For here is a daunting reflection. The Abbey is a national shrine, it belongs to everybody in the Commonwealth without exception of class or tongue or creed. It has carried on for all these centuries with the labour and financial aid of people of good will, and for all the good will and the love poured out on it, it is crumbling into decay at a time when the costs of material for restoration and maintenance have soared to new records. This shrine, which has staged the coronations of every crowned sovereign of this land from William the Conqueror, might very possibly be in too dangerous a state to stage another Coronation after that of Elizabeth II in 1953, if the large (but trivial) sum of £1,000,000, now urgently required to make it safe and arrest the decay, be not forthcoming in the course of this year. It is no exaggeration to say this. The danger point is already reached. Restoration work on a scale larger and more comprehensive than ever before is vital in the next few years. The Abbey is in its gravest hour of danger. It must be saved this year, and no year could possibly be more favourable for success. But everyone must help to save it, despite the claims on their purses from causes which must appear of more instant urgency. In the Abbey's needs to-day there are urgency and tragedy also.

THE PRIME MINISTER APPEALS FOR £1,000,000: Speaking in the Jerusalem Chamber at the Abbey, Mr. Churchill recently suggested that 1,000,000 members of the public should contribute £1 towards the appeal. Also in the picture are the Dean and Canons, High Commissioners of the Dominions, wives of the political party leaders and dignitaries of the Abbey.



THE EXHIBITION OF ABBEY TREASURES WHICH IS ATTRACTING LARGE CROWDS TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE: The exhibition, which is to go on until March 28, has been made possible by the removal of most of the ornaments from the Abbey during the preparations for the Coronation. *On the left* are the Coronation altar frontal and dorsal which were offered by King George V and Queen Mary at their Coronation in 1911; the plate given by Dean Ryle; the Elizabethan chalice and paten, and the candlesticks presented by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of their marriage. *Right*—In the foreground are the "Canada" chairs and faldstools used by the Sovereign for Abbey services. The copes were given by Edward VII in 1902; while most of the altar plate in the background was given during the seventeenth century.

THE FIRST PUBLIC SESSION OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON SCOTTISH AFFAIRS : Members of the Commission are seen seated on the right in the Signet Library of the Parliament House as the session got under way. The Press are in the background and the public in the foreground. Sir David Milne, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, was the first witness in the first session of the Commission, which is really concerned with examining the machinery of Scottish government in relation to Westminster.

The Royal Commission on SCOTTISH AFFAIRS

THE FIRST MEETING IS HELD IN PUBLIC IN THE SIGNET LIBRARY IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT EDINBURGH

Under the chairmanship of the Earl of Balfour, the first public session of the Royal Commission on Scottish Affairs met in Edinburgh last week, when members heard a remarkable report delivered by the Convention of Royal Burghs, which comprises representatives of local authorities throughout Scotland. The Convention's memorandum of evidence stated that improvements were desirable in the legislative machinery which dealt with purely Scottish matters of administration and concern. Its suggestions include "the fullest practicable administrative economy for all nationalised industries operating in Scotland," and reform of systems of rating and local finance applicable to Scotland. To expedite Scottish domestic legislation through Parliament, either the powers of the Scottish Grand Committee should be substantially extended, it is urged, or a consultative and deliberate body should be set up in Scotland. The setting-up of additional departments of the office of Secretary of State for Scotland for transport, trade, labour and fuel and power is also strongly recommended.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE TATE GALLERY SPEAKS TO THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES : Sir John Rothenstein seen during the opening ceremony of the exhibition of painting and sculpture at the R.B.A. Galleries. The chairman of the Young Contemporaries is Michael Lewis.

THIS YEAR'S BEST EXHIBIT : Sir John Rothenstein looks at Mr. A. H. Taylor's "Leighbeck, Canvey Island," which won the "Knapping Prize." Mr. Taylor is associated with the Royal Academy Schools.

The World of Art

FROM 1,500 B.C. TO THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES

The Young Contemporaries Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries; Henry Moore's Giants; and the Development of Mexican Art from 1,500 B.C. to the Present Day at the Tate Gallery

ART AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION : This was the scene in the main gallery at the R.B.A. Galleries, in Suffolk Street, London, S.W., on the opening day of the Coronation Year Exhibition of the Young Contemporaries, when several visitors seemed to be more interested in conversation than in the exhibits. The aim of the Young Contemporaries is to put before the public the most interesting work produced in the art schools and colleges of Great Britain. The first exhibition was held in 1949 and to-day it is second only to the Royal Academy in size and attendance. Each year a committee of well-known artists judge the entries and those present at the judging earlier in February, for this year's exhibition included Henry Moore and John Piper. It is a well-known fact that if the work being done to-day in the more progressive art schools is well represented in the show, comment from the public is more outstanding than usual.

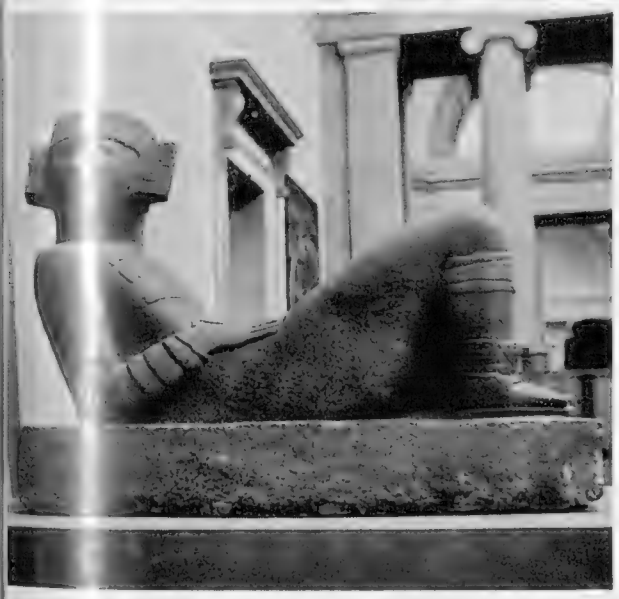
MUCH ADO ABOUT HENRY MOORE'S GIANTS AT MUCH HADHAM, HERTFORDSHIRE : These giants, protected by a large tarpaulin and dwarfing a sixteenth-century farmhouse at Perry Green, near Much Hadham, are the latest work of sculptor Henry Moore—hardboard models of figures designed to provide a sculptural screen for a terrace garden on the new Time-Life building in Bond Street, London. Asked what is the thought behind them, Mr. Moore replied : "They have no title. What they represent depends on what the individual viewer can find in them." Work on the Portland stone figures goes on throughout the day and part of the night.

"OUR PRESENT IMAGE": This exhibit of the work of David Siqeiros forms part of the Mexican Art Exhibition now being staged at the Tate Gallery.

The Mexican Art Exhibition, at the Tate Gallery, which continues until April 26, contains some 1,300 pieces, displayed in ten galleries. Covering the development of Mexican art from 1,500 B.C. to the present day, it is the largest exhibition ever arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Before coming to London the exhibits were displayed in Paris and Stockholm, gaining sensational successes. The exhibits on show in London fall into four distinct groups—Pre-Columbian, Colonial, Modern and Popular Art. The first group, covering the period up to the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century, includes examples of ancient sculpture connected with sacrificial rites, ceramics and ornaments in jade and gold. The influence of European ideas is reflected in the art of the Colonial period, and this group contains examples of Baroque art decorating sacred buildings. In the Modern group—that is, from the nineteenth century—there are paintings demonstrating the vitality of modern art in Mexico, while in the Popular Art section the visitor is able to witness the way in which ancient methods and materials have continued in use almost unchanged since the archaic periods.

On right—

AN ALTAR AND A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED ANGEL: The altar comes from the former convent at Tepotzolan.

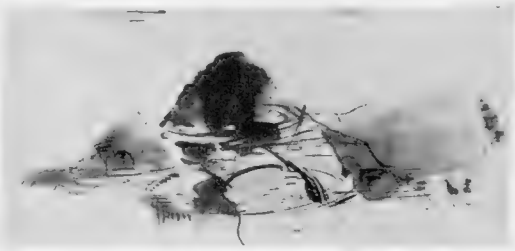


CHAC MOOL, THE 1,200-YEAR-OLD MEXICAN GOD OF RAIN: During the exhibition in Stockholm it was noticed that almost every visitor placed a coin in the bowl-shaped hole in the exhibit's "stomach." This custom developed during the early stages of the exhibition, a visitor undoubtedly thinking that "it was the thing to do."

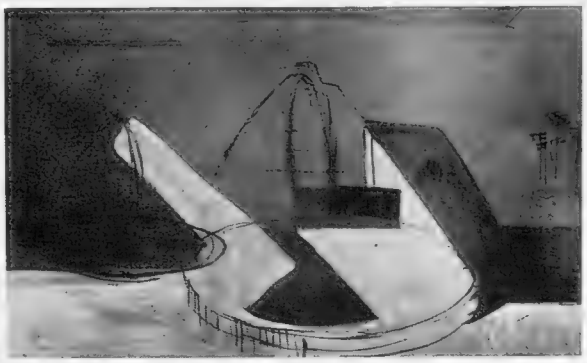
On right—

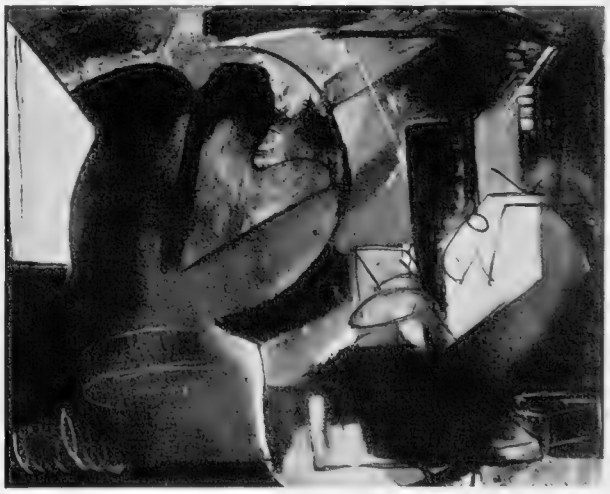
AN ANGLO-MEXICAN OCCASION: Senor Fernando Gamboa, Commissioner-General of the Mexican Exhibition, seen with Mr. Philip James, Art Director of the Arts Council, as they discussed the 300-year-old carved angel.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE'S 1953 EXHIBITION IN LONDON

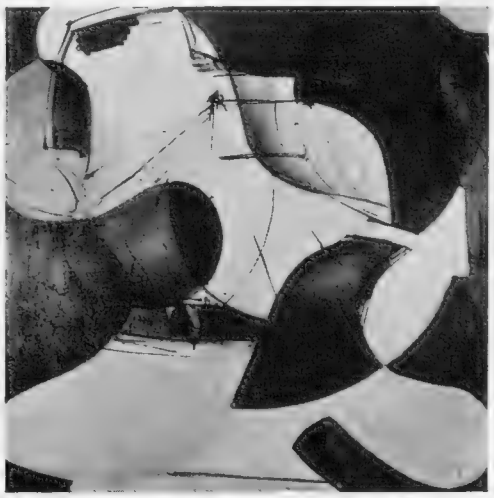


"LANDSCAPE SILENCE": Above is William Johnstone's first sketch of the Eildon Hills, from which his oil painting (*right*), entitled "Landscape Silence," was made. The original sketch is now in the collection of Mr. Hans Tisdall.





GOTHIC TALES: Another aspect of Mr. Johnstone's work, which will be seen at the exhibition which will have a private view at Reid and Lefevre's Gallery next Wednesday.



COMPOSITION: This canvas is one of the group which will be exhibited next week at the Reid and Lefevre Gallery in Bruton Street.

The two top pictures give a clue to Mr. William Johnstone's artistic vision. The first original painting of the Eildon Hills inspired the finished oil painting, which was entitled "Landscape Silence." In this, Mr. Johnstone has painted a simplification of the impression made upon him by the actual scene. William Johnstone's work is of international fame and has found a place in public and private collections all over the world. He is Principal of the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Southampton Row, and has written outstanding books on the subject of art, notably *Creative Art in Britain* and *Child Art to Man Art*. Mr. Johnstone has exhibited in London, Paris, and in America at the Colorado Springs Fine Art Center. His artistic education has taken him from Edinburgh to France, Italy, Spain and Holland.

The Sphere of Travel

VISITING MADRID

What to See and Where to Go During a Holiday in the Spanish Capital and in the Ancient and Picturesque Art Towns Which Lie Around It

By GORDON COOPER

EVER since Philip II in 1561 declared that Madrid should be the capital of Spain, many persons have considered its situation to be "most odious." Yet, to-day, its lively streets, its remarkable art galleries and museums, and its convenience as a centre from which to make many fascinating excursions, have turned it into one of the outstanding cities of Europe.

It is, indeed, regrettable that most foreign visitors should regard a stay there of one or two days as being sufficient, before passing on, usually farther south into Andalusia. I would, therefore, suggest that ten days or a fortnight could be spent most profitably, using the city as a base from which to explore the exciting wonders of such near-by towns as Avila, Salamanca, Valladolid, Segovia and its neighbouring Royal palace of La Granja, Aranjuez and its Royal palaces, Cuenca and, of course, Toledo. On a first visit, too, I suppose that gloomy monastery-palace-sepulchre, the Escorial, must be seen—twelve acres of buildings, containing over 100 miles of corridors, and of which I best remember the precious tapestries, the fine library, and Philip II's private apartments.

In Madrid itself, I like to dawdle: 40-minute sips, twice a day, in the Prado, my favourite European art gallery; an occasional browse in the Lazaro Galdiano gallery, a private house full of beautiful works of art of every kind; a visit to the Duke of Alba's home (when open to the public), with its most interesting treasures; a stroll in the lovely, seventeenth-century El Retiro Park.

For meals, my favourite eating-places are La Barracca, a most delightful restaurant, typically decorated, where the main speciality is *paella valenciana*, and the historic Casa Botin, a tiny eighteenth-century restaurant in the old part of the city, not far from the fascinating Plaza Mayor. Here the speciality of the house is baby sucking-pig roasted on an open spit and served with a rough red wine. A dish of wild strawberries soaked in kirsch and served with clots of thick, rich cream is a suitable conclusion to a veritable banquet, the bill for which will be a mere ten shillings.

In those amusing hours of 8–11 p.m., before dinner, the Palace Bar, Molinero's and Chicote's in the Gran Via offer excellent aperitif entertainment, especially the last-named, where admirers of pretty women will not be disappointed. Then, around midnight, when the city is full of life, one visit at least should be paid to see the famous Basque game of *juego de pelota* played by professionals. (Choose a place where the players are men, if you want to see skill, for the women professionals indulge rather in pat-ball.) Apart from the game itself, there is also the amazing and amusing excitement of the betting, with twenty or thirty "bookies" shouting the odds at the top of their lungs and hurling, most skilfully, the bets made to their clients in the audience by means of tennis-balls.

Undoubtedly the best way in which to visit the art towns around Madrid is by motor-car; but you can go by electric train or 'bus, sometimes returning to the capital the same day. Here is a circuit that I made, and which I can recommend. From the capital I went first to Avila, perhaps the finest of Europe's walled towns. Here is the city of Santa Teresa, "the fortress which flung back the Reformation," and its walls are just a mile and a half in circumference, with eighty-six towers and ten gates, all pictures of what medieval towers and gates should be. Not a single break occurs in this magnificent girdle, unless the apse of its remarkable cathedral can be called a break, for that bulges noticeably through the wall. But this apse is so immensely thick and invulnerable, its windows being mere slits for bowmen and arquebusiers, that it is in reality the strongest part of the entire city wall. It even has a "parapet walk" provided for the use of its armed defenders.

IN OLD CUENCA, A PICTURESQUE SPANISH TOWN PILED ON THE STEEP SIDES OF THE CASTLE HILL: Cuenca, which lies 94 miles from Madrid, was taken from the Moors by Alfonso VII after a famous siege. The town still retains its medieval look.

In addition to the cathedral, a visit should certainly be paid to the Church of S. Vicente, one of the finest Romanesque buildings in Spain, and whose chief glory is the magnificent thirteenth-century tomb of the martyrs, Vicente, Sabina and Cristeta. I like, too, the cool church belonging to the great, silent monastery of Santo Tomás, in which stands the beautiful ruined tomb of Prince John, a young prince of outstanding ability, who died when just twenty years of age in 1497. The exquisite sleeping figure of the Prince, one of the most touching of sepulchral effigies, reminiscent of the monument of Guidarello Guidarelli in Ravenna, lies, with folded hands and features smiling in death, upon a marble altar-tomb.

Eighty miles on from Avila is Salamanca, far too little known by foreign visitors, but one of the most rewarding cities in Spain. After Oxford, it is surely the most beautiful university town in Europe. It is built of sandstone, which is originally soft and pale, almost white, but which hardens and darkens to a mellow golden-brown. There are whole streets with walls of this exquisite weather-coloured stone in great hewn blocks, relieved perhaps by slender iron balconies, in which in late summer, hydrangeas, fuchsias, geraniums, oleander and convolvulus have taken the place of the earlier "claveles." It is this subdued glow of golden-brown that makes Salamanca a jewel of great price, apart from the sculptured plateresque details of its wonderful buildings and its many memories of the past.

The heart of this once great city is the beautifully proportioned Plaza Mayor—the finest of its kind in Spain—a square entirely surrounded by houses, with shops and cafés under the arcades. From it you can meander for hours through twisting streets and lanes, constantly encountering delightful surprises. The important sights include the two cathedrals, linked together like Siamese twins, the amazingly thick plateresque façade of the Universidad, the much-photographed Casa de la Conchas, the well-preserved Roman bridge across the River Tormes, the sixteenth-century Irish College, one of the most delicate and beautiful monuments of the Spanish Renaissance, the Monterrey Palace, whose superb decorations are now fortunately restored by its owner, the Duke of Alba, and San Estéban, with its highly ornamented plateresque façade. But there is much else that awaits your explorations.

THE BUSY HEART OF MADRID: Spain's capital and second largest city tends to bake in summer and freeze in winter, and May, June, October and November are probably the best months to see its magnificent art galleries and other celebrated show-places.

North-east of Salamanca, across a desolate but insidious countryside—a vast immensity of space, capped by the vivid dome of the sky—lies Valladolid. Just to visit its National Museum of Sculpture, housed most attractively in the ancient College of San Gregorio, is a most rewarding experience. For this collection of Spanish polychrome sculptures is the finest of its kind in Europe. Room after room contains the most superb carvings, and you can browse here for hours. It is also of interest to note that the processions in Valladolid during Holy Week are among the most interesting in Spain.

Turning south-east from Valladolid, Segovia is the next goal. It is best approached, however, not by the main road, but by a rather rough, secondary road leading from Montegua. By this means you get a wonderful reward, for your first sight of the town is the Alcázar, a fairy-like castle with a sharp prow, which gives the illusion that it is sailing through the barren hills. Its interior, however, is not of great interest.

Segovia, one of the most typical of Castilian towns, is rich in artistic interest. Its great "sight" is the enormous Roman aqueduct (in use until 1929), whose arches stride like colossi across the valley in the centre of the town. It is known to the peasantry as the "Devil's Bridge," from a medieval legend attributing its construction to the magic art of "El Diabolo." More interesting, to me, at least, are the cathedral and the many Romanesque churches, of which San Martín and Santa Cruz are outstanding. Then, without doubt, you must lunch at the famous Casa Cándido on roast sucking-pig, so tender that the genial host gives each guest his portion already sliced.

Seven miles out of Segovia, you leave the wilderness for an earthly paradise: the palace of La Granja, built by Philip V and resembling Versailles. Its main attractions are the surrounding gardens and magnificent fountains. The latter were made by Philip's Queen, Isabella Farnese, while the King was absent on a long journey. On his return, as he gazed at the "Baños de Diana," he made his well-known comment: "It has cost me three millions and has amused me for three minutes."

Not far distant from La Granja is the Parador de El Paular (an hotel operated by the Spanish State Tourist Department), which is housed in a former Carthusian convent. It is a most excellent place at which to stay for a night or two, and is only 55 miles from Madrid.

Of Toledo it is hardly necessary for me to write, for this greatest and most ancient of the cities of Castile is so well known. Here is the richest ecclesiastical shrine in Spain, as well as many other outstanding churches. And every admirer of El Greco will surely want to make pilgrimage to this artist's home, with its adjoining museum, which contains many of his finest works.

Within easy reach of Toledo is Aranjuez, a green oasis, with its rather uninteresting Royal palace, but lovely surrounding parks and gardens. In one of these stands the Casa del Labrador (the Workman's Cottage—an inappropriate title), savouring of curious Court scandals and crimes. Then, considerably to the east, is Cuenca, a most curious town, picturesquely perched on a steep hill and containing a very fine cathedral. Finally, a pleasant half-day excursion from Madrid, is to Alcala de Henares, where you can eat extremely well in the Hosteria del Estudiante, a classical Castilian inn. The town itself has also many fine buildings.

The twentieth edition of Ashley Courtenay's *Let's Halt Awhile* (published by Ashley Courtenay, Ltd., at 8s. 6d.) is now available for travellers. The book contains a host of personal recommendations of hotels and inns on and off the beaten track.

"Do you think I might have a little whisky instead: I should prefer White Horse if you have it."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SURGEONS DEFT WITH THE PEN

James Harpole and William Sharpe Both Make Notable Contributions to the Literature of Medical Men

THE number of doctors who have become distinguished literary men (Somerset Maugham is an example) is a long one, but it often seems that doctors writing *as* doctors have nearly as big a following. This is particularly true when their memoirs or reminiscences contain a good proportion of case histories or records of practical experience. There is very little doubt, for instance, about the probable success of Mr. James Harpole's book, A SURGEON'S HERITAGE (Cassell. 18s.), for this author writes both as a doctor and a surgeon, and his experience, as shown in earlier books, covers fifty years and two world wars, in both of which he took an arduous part.

The present volume has many good stories in it, some gallant, horrifying or extraordinary ones of the blitz and its effects; some amusing and odd ones of cases or of acquaintances in a wide variety of circumstances. All of them are immensely readable, and for all of them I foresee a wide public.

Dr. William Sharpe's autobiography, BRAIN SURGEON (Gollancz. 16s.), has a foreword by Sir Cecil Wakeley, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in which he says of the writer that he was one of the pioneers of neuro-surgery, who established the fact that specialisation must follow a general grounding in general surgery, and who obtained his early ideas of cerebral surgery from his teacher, the great Harvey Cushing. Dr. Sharpe is an American surgeon, trained at two of the best surgical centres in the world — Harvard Medical School and Johns Hopkins, and much of his early experience was gained in China, where he had not only illness and poverty among the people to contend with, but their deeply ingrained superstition. His book is a fascinating document, making few concessions to popular taste, and all the more impressive for its austerity of expression.

BATTLECREASE HALL IN THE MARKET: This Georgian house in Russell Road, Shepperton, Middlesex, said to have been the home of Lady Hamilton at the time when Lord Nelson stayed at the Bush Hotel in the same village, is to be auctioned in March. The house, known as Battlecrease Hall, was built on the ruins of a Saxon dwelling. It has six bedrooms Since the turn of the century the house has been the property of the family of the late Sir Rider Haggard, the novelist. The present owner, his great-nephew, Mr. R. C. Cheyne, is in Canada.

PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION (Gollancz. 16s.) is a provocative and, indeed, stimulating book for those with more than a passing interest in the subject, since its author, Dr. Lindner, is a psycho-analyst who attacks in its pages some of the methods of psycho-analysis, and lays about him unsparingly. Dr. Lindner practises in Baltimore, and his original ideas have the recommendation, in part, of Bertrand Russell, and the band leader, Artie Shaw.

At the age of eighty Bertrand Russell tells us that he suddenly wished to write stories, although he had never before thought of such a thing. "I do not think that the reader's surprise to find me attempting stories can be greater than my own," he adds. "I am incapable of critical judgment in this field, and I do not know whether the stories have any value." The answer, not surprisingly, is that they have, but that it is very nearly impossible to judge their merit without reference to their author's distinction. In fact, I think that one would have to have almost superhuman detachment to forget—or ignore the fact—that SATAN IN THE SUBURBS (Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.), a collection of five stories, was the work of one of the world's greatest philosophers.

As it is, I found them uneven, odd, sometimes curiously sprightly, and without exception well worth reading, if only to see the kind of fiction that Bertrand Russell does write when he decides to write fiction.

Mr. Louis Marlow writes of SEVEN FRIENDS (Richard Press. 10s. 6d.), and a distinguished company they are, in Oscar Wilde, with whom the author corresponded as a schoolboy, though he never met him: Frank Harris, "the most remarkable literary blackguard"; Aleister Crowley, John Cowper Powys, T. F. Powys and Llewellyn Powys, and William Somerset Maugham. These reminiscences of the more or less contemporary scene are of considerable interest, and I found the brief chapters on the Powys brothers quite fascinating, whether as a revelation of their youth and early ambitions, or of their far from usual parents. Mrs. Powys, for instance, had no sympathy for success and even felt distaste for people whose health was too good. When her son Llewellyn developed consumption, "she did not like his going to Switzerland, she did not like his having so many windows open. 'These young men,' she said, 'seem to want to live for ever.'"

Mr. Willi Frischauer has written a study of the man whom he calls the evil genius of the Third Reich, HIMMLER (Odhams. 16s.), though one might be forgiven for thinking that the title applied more correctly to his friend, Hitler. The biography traces Himmler's life from his earliest youth (he was the son of a Munich professor), through the First War to the day when a would-be assassin, shooting at Hitler, wounded Himmler instead, and he thenceforward regarded himself as Hitler's blood brother.

After that Himmler's promotion was rapid and his position in the S.S. unassailable. To most readers this book will make painful reading, and the more revealing, the more horrible. After the mountain of misery brought about by this grotesque creature, his suicide in May 1945 could only come as a relief.

To be simple and candid without naïveté is quite a feat for a novelist, especially as the first two qualities are so difficult to attain and the third so difficult to avoid, but Miss Oriel Malet manages the combination with an ease that is all the more effective for not seeming practised, in JEMIMA (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.). This is the story of a seventeen-year-old girl, the daughter of divorced parents who are almost totally indifferent to her, and who think that once they have provided for her financially, and arranged for her education in Paris, their responsibilities are at an end.

Young Jemima, however, who is still a child in most things, finds that Paris brings her much enchantment, much disillusion and still none of the constant affection for which unconsciously she has been looking all her short life. Miss Malet writes about youth with wonderful percipience, and her children and adolescents in this story are faultlessly drawn.

Mr. Chris Massie's talent is undeniable. What is less certain is if one can, even on strictly intellectual lines, enjoy his new novel. DEATH GOES HUNTING (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), although it sounds like the title of a classic thriller, possibly based on Leicestershire, is, in fact, a fantasy beginning in the death cell, and continuing through a series of dream-like encounters with the beings who were, innocently or not, concerned with the murderer's act.

Of course, it is a *tour-de-force*, and a pretty successful one. Mr. Massie has chosen a horrible subject and written a compellingly readable novel round it. Am I being archaic in suggesting that he could have written just as clever a novel on a less melancholy subject in this already ominous age?

HEAVEN AND EARTH (Heinemann. 15s.) introduces an Italian writer who, in his own country, is ranked with Moravia and Levi. Carlo Coccioli has written, in the form of a novel, the story of a parish priest who was shot by the Germans during the war, and by his death saved the lives of a group of young partisans. Don Ardito Piccardi was, during the war, a public figure and a theologian, but this novel shows him first as a young priest faced with the harshly realistic life of his mountain parish, and later returning to the same village, now under the command of the German Army and a focus of partisan warfare.

The book is serious in intent, and must be read as an honest attempt to depict the spiritual education of a man who at first was almost inhuman in his attitude to human suffering, and who came to realise a more tolerant relation between suffering and love.

Seventeen years is a long, even an unfairly long interval between the original and the English publication of a novel, as in the case of M. Marcel Aymé's THE SECRET STREAM (Bodley Head. 11s. 6d.), which first appeared in its native France in 1936. Because M. Aymé is what he is—a natural-born writer, incapable of a cliché of speech or thought—the novel has its own freshness and the imprint of his originality. Because we have read later and greater books of his first, notably *The Transient Hour*, it cannot but come as something of a disappointment.

On the credit side is the author's very individual use of realism, never to shock and always to emphasise candour, and his extraordinary deftness in handling, with no confusion at all, motives, characters and opportunities in what is basically the story of a murder. But I repeat that M. Aymé has done much better than this. The translation is by Mr. Norman Denny.

THE CASE OF THE VAGABOND VIRGIN (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the title of a thriller which will give you a rough idea of the content. This is a new adventure in the series of Perry Mason exploits, that bright and improbable lawyer, about whom Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner has written so indefatigably.

SEND INSPECTOR WEST (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a new detective story by Mr. John Creasey, and it makes good rumbustious reading, with the accent on action rather than deduction. Mr. Creasey's style is as crisp and his narrative as fast-moving as ever, whether the setting is Scotland Yard or New York, and the crooks English homespun or American seersucker.

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Barbara Worsley-Gough has coined a bright new word in her entertaining volume, FASHIONS IN LONDON (Allan Wingate. 15s.), which comes as an addition to the Londoner's Library. The word is "Cadoganised," and it seems a fair enough description of some of the housing monstrosities which arose in the nineteenth century between the "village" of Chelsea and the heart of fashionable London. The Cadogan houses, she tells us, were built in the heyday of the craze for architectural odds and ends, of contempt for symmetry, proportion and unity, and a passion for the unexpected. She asks us to examine Cadogan Square in particular detail, where oriel windows protrude pointlessly from under pediments of pseudo-classic design, where terra-cotta *putti* in heavy relief are attached precariously by their stout posteriors to porches of Gothic tendency or to gables which seem to have come the long way round from Holland via Groot Constantia. All this cheerfully-propounded, but no doubt carefully-pondered, criticism may not be vitally important, but it does serve to emphasise the way in which the author has gone about the task of representing the London of the past 100 years. Her research has been eager and painstaking, not only with regard to the London streets and districts, the rise and fall of neighbourhoods, but with respect to fashions and contours, ways of speech and ways of thought, manners, incomes and morals. Everything in the way of change comes beneath the searchlight of Miss Worsley-Gough's research, and she is on the look-out in particular for anything even remotely "Cadoganised."

Michael Prawdin's history of THE MONGOL EMPIRE now appears in a second impression (George Allen and Unwin. 35s.), having first been published in 1940 at the outset of the Second World War, when people were more inclined to read about current hostilities than about battles long ago. It did not pass notice at the time, however, that Mr. Prawdin had done a first-class job in showing us how, through the military genius of one man, the Mongol people rose to Asian dominance. He describes this almost incredible ascent to power in a single generation, and then shows us the transformation of the sons and grandsons of the conqueror from barbarous nomads into the most cultivated rulers of their time. How this world empire began to crumble, and its legacy assumed by the formerly subjugated China and Russia, this proud Mongol people descending into oblivion, makes fascinating reading. Mr. Prawdin's book has not only been translated into the principal European languages, but even into Japanese. The author has provided some excellent maps, a very necessary adjunct to a history covering many places with which few of us are really in any way familiar.

This is a time when no single aspect of the Royal progress escapes attention, for the eyes of the world are upon London and its Coronation preparations. Some of this emphasis may be over-emphasis, unwelcome to the Royal Family, but the spate of Coronation literature continues to flow unabated. The latest volume is Randolph Churchill's THEY SERVE THE QUEEN (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), an authoritative account of the Royal Household and of the men and women charged with the responsibility for its organisation. Such officers as the Master of the Household, and the Keeper of the Privy Purse, are directly responsible for important administrative duties—a fact perhaps not generally realised—while the Queen's Private Secretary may be called upon at times to give advice to the Sovereign on matters of the greatest public moment. Mr. Churchill's book contains a great deal of hitherto unpublished information, and the illustrations in half-tone and colour are admirable

Jimmy Edwards, at the age of thirty-two, has seen fit to write an interim autobiography, and he has fittingly called it TAKE IT FROM ME (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.). In his thirty-two years Mr. Edwards has certainly covered a great deal of ground. He is a Master of Arts at Cambridge University, where he won a Choral Scholarship; his war service with the Royal Air Force brought him the D.F.C. for gallantry in flying operations over Arnhem; his teamwork with Joy Nicholls and Dick Bentley in the fabulous show "Take It From Here," and his Rectorship of Aberdeen University, when he delivered his widely-acclaimed Rectoral address, have all been milestones in a most interesting career. There is no doubt about it, the Professor is in everyday life a unique character, as he is also upon the stage and in radio

Constance and Harmon Helmerichs are the joint authors of OUR ALASKAN WINTER (Museum Press. 18s.), a charming and at times exciting sequel to *Our Summer With the Eskimos*. This second volume deals essentially with their hunting life in the far north of the Arctic Circle, and there are stories of exciting hunts for caribou, polar bear and seal.

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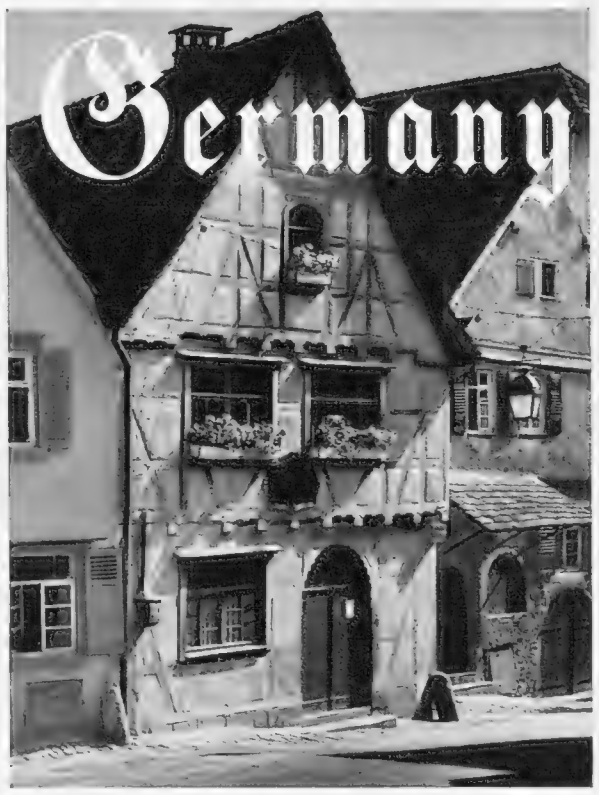

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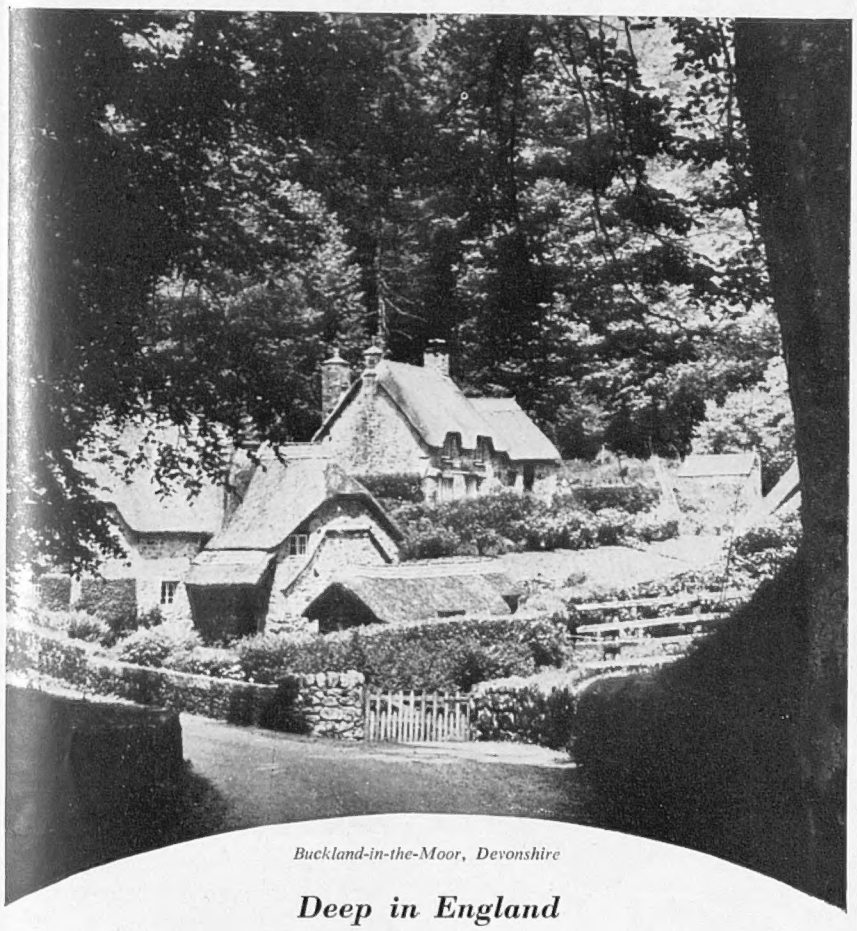

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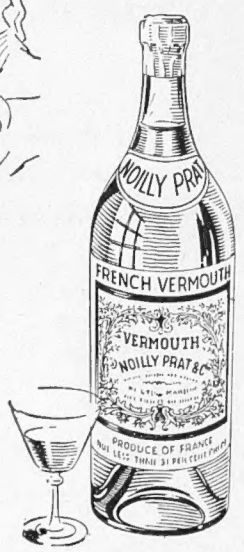

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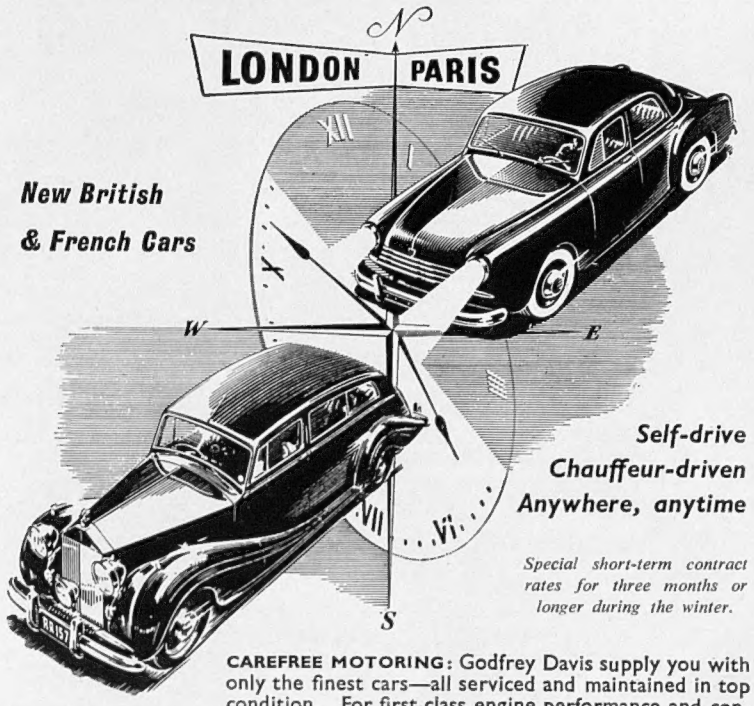

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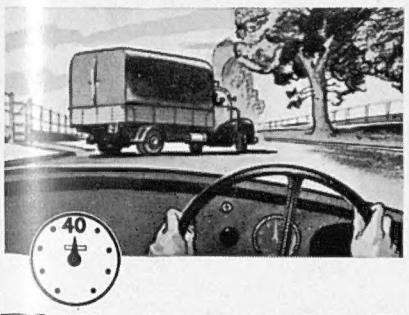

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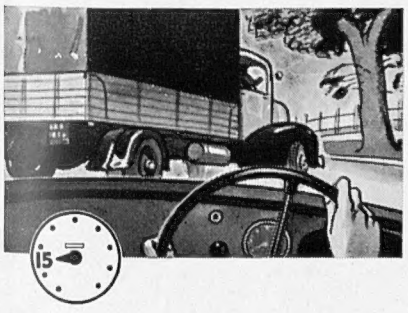

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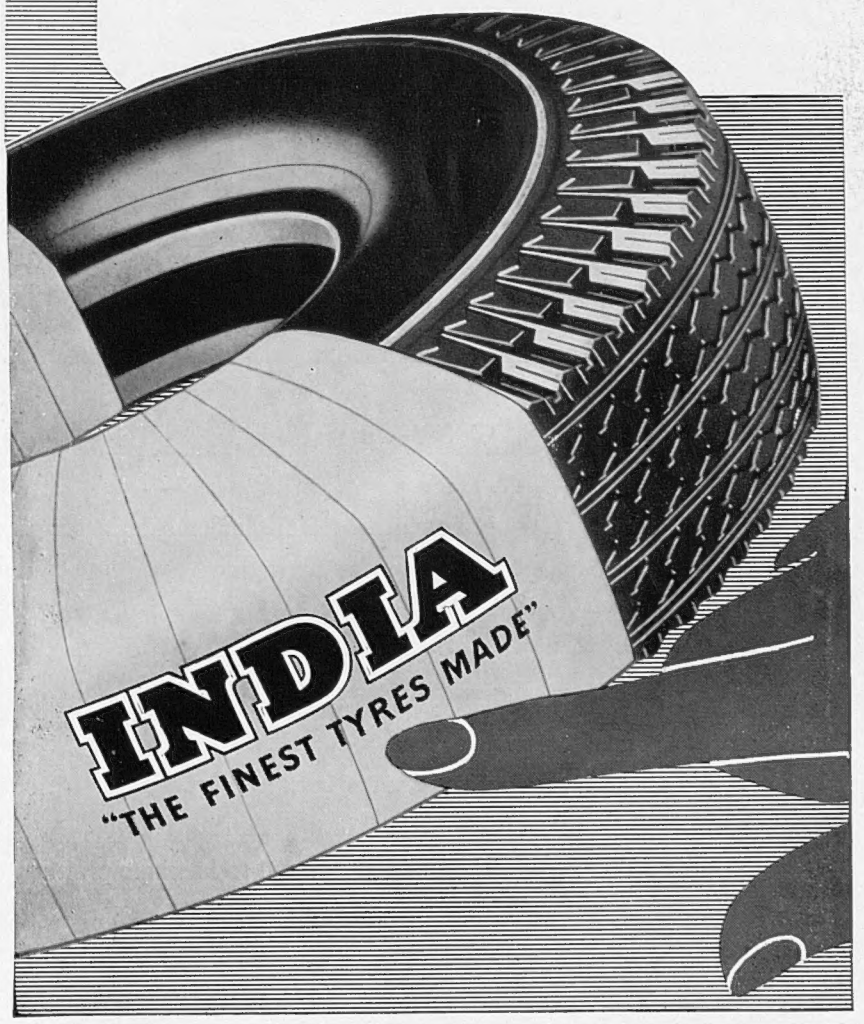

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